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THE SYNDICATE of the Madras University invites APPLICATIONS for the PROFESSORSHIP of INDIAN ECONOMICS in the University, which will fall vacant on June 21, 1921.

The salary of the appointment is Rs. 1,250 per mensem, and the appointment will be in the first instance for a term of five years. The main duties of the Professor will be to investigate and lecture on the special problems of Indian Economics, and to train students in the methods of economic study and research and in the investigation and exposition of the problems of Indian Economics.

The Professor will be required to devote his whole time to the duties of his office and not to absent himself from his duties without the permission of the Syndicate. The regulations governing the University Professorships will be found in Chapter IX. of Volume I. of the University Calendar, 1920, and may be consulted at the British Museum, the India Office, or any University Library in England or India.

Applications from candidates in England for the appointment should reach this office by November 30, 1920, and from those in India by December 15, 1920, addressed to the Registrar, University of Madras, Madras, S.E.

The selected candidate will be required to bind himself by an agreement, the details of which will be settled later.

The University will be prepared to pay the selected candidate a single first-class passage to Madras.

(By Order)

K. RABUNNI MUNCH, M.A.,
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Senate House, Madras, September 22, 1920.

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CHAIR OF ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE.

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see pages 567, 568.

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And walked abroad in London,
How would He fare when venturing forth
Where much is done and undone?
Would He regard His time well spent,
His Mission rich rewarded,
In streets and homes where e'er He went,
And the house where He boarded?
Picture Him, in His faded dress,
Seeking the pleasure-seeker,
Where sex flaunts sex in worldliness—
Especially the weaker:
What would the crowd say of a Saint
So sensually inactive,
Where Satan struts, disguised in paint,
Unblushingly attractive?

Ah! mortals, ye proclaim your Lord
With Sabbath Day persistence,
Listening with safety to His Word,
While He is at a distance!
Yet would there still be need to save,
And reason to implore ye,
Did Jesus, rising from the grave,
Stand suddenly before ye!
Who would halt humbly and ashamed,
Facing the Gentle Presence?
Who would confess to vices framed
With general acquiescence?
Who would allow they loved too much
Their life, and all life's charm meant,—
Who were so contrite as to touch
The hem of His frayed garment?

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(Letters and MSS. for the Editor, and Books for review, should be addressed to 10, Adelphi Terrace, W.C.2.)

NOTES AND COMMENTS

WE rejoice to learn that no fewer than fifty-seven professors and doctors of Oxford University have sent a message of reconciliation and goodwill to the professors of the arts and sciences and to members of the universities and learned societies in Germany and Austria. It is a noble initiative, though it may be that in these days it will be seized upon by the malignant as evidence that Oxford is still the home of lost causes. "We now personally approach you," write the signatories, "with the desire to dispel the embitterment of animosities that, under the impulse of loyal patriotism, may have passed between us. In the field where our aims are one, our enthusiasms the same, our rivalry and ambition generous, we can surely look to be reconciled; and the fellowship of learning offers a road which may—and if our spiritual ideals be alive, must—lead to a wider sympathy and better understanding between our kindred nations. While political dissensions are threatening to extinguish the honourable comity of the European States we pray that we may help to hasten that amicable reunion which civilization demands." It is an open secret that this dignified prose comes from the Poet Laureate.

* * * *

The Viennese professor, seeking to keep body and soul together on one-third the salary of a tram-conductor, may read a nuance of irony into these words. Since his clubs and libraries can no longer afford to buy English periodicals, it is useless for us to assure him in these pages that the message from Oxford is an expression of a profound sympathy felt by an ever-increasing number of Englishmen of intellectual

distinction. Their sympathy is intensified by their consciousness that they are all but powerless to prevent that disintegration of European civilization for which the peace has been yet more responsible than the war. These are dark days for those who strive to believe in the supremacy of spiritual things. *Solitudinem faciunt: pacem appellant.* But let it be recorded in the one or two copies of THE ATHENÆUM that reach Vienna at the present time, that the message from Oxford has behind it the fervent goodwill of many thousands more than its distinguished signatories.

* * * *

The full correspondence between Mr. Augustus John and Lord Leverhulme, concerning the action of the noble lord in cutting the head from his portrait by Mr. John, has been published in the *Daily Express*. Mr. John describes the action as "the grossest insult I have ever received in the course of my career." Lord Leverhulme's explanation is ingenuous. The portrait would not fit the safe—is a safe an ordinary place of deposit for a large portrait, and has Lord Leverhulme never heard of rolling a canvas?—but the head, "which is the important part of the picture," is safely locked up. In a second letter, Lord Leverhulme enters, disastrously, into the field of artistic ethics. Mr. John must not claim the certainty of pleasing his clients. "Romney replied to a criticism of this kind that he did not guarantee likeness, but works of art." After thus unconsciously giving his whole case away, Lord Leverhulme steps on to safer ground, "speaking as a business man." The business man says: "Keep it quiet." Mr. John, very properly, refused to do this. We remark that Mr. John's first letter is dated September 31. Oh, these artists!

But it is well that the episode should have been made public. We are far from admiring all Mr. John's recent work; but we are convinced that he is one of the few artists of genius among us to-day. The modern artists are few; but the modern peers are many. The artists do, at least, remember their tradition; the peers have forgotten theirs. An aristocracy is supposed to preserve a tradition of culture and refinement. Doing that, it performs a valuable work; failing in that, it is a useless appendage to the body politic. Indeed, this is not the first story (though it is the most striking) we have heard of the barbarism of our new plutocracy. Further, the question of the mere legality of Lord Leverhulme's act demands to be settled. It is generally accepted among artists that the copyright of a picture remains with the artist unless special written provision to the contrary is made. Perhaps this assumption is based on the artistic code of honour, and not on the law. Since the code of honour no longer prevails among the new patrons of the arts, the law should be examined and, if necessary, amended. Unfortunately, this episode would not provide a good test case, for Mr. John clearly states that the picture was mutilated a week before it had even been paid for.

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The "D.N.B." is, in a sense, a national property; this was recognized in the transfer of the property by the owners to the Oxford University Press in 1917. Now Sir Sidney Lee, who succeeded Sir Leslie Stephen as editor of the actual Dictionary, writes to *The Times* to express his dissatisfaction with the reissue of the second Supplement (covering the period 1901-1911) by the new publishers. Errors which Sir Sidney had corrected have not been rectified in the new issue. On the whole, we must confess that after a careful examination of Sir Sidney's case we find that the shortcomings of the Oxford reissue of the second Supplement are of a minor kind; and we have yet to hear what the Delegates of the most scrupulous publishing house in the world have to say. Still, we gratefully recognize Sir Sidney Lee's feeling of personal responsibility for the condition of the great Dictionary with which he was so long and so honourably associated, and express the hope that an amicable *modus vivendi* between the old editor and the new proprietors may be found.

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The momentous question of the site for the University of London may have been settled by the time this appears. It is rumoured that the authorities of King's College are more favourably inclined towards the Government offer of the Bloomsbury site than they were, and that the resolution of the London County Council to supply a certain proportion of the cost of building (not more than one-third of the amount supplied by the Government) has been of some effect. The opposition to the scheme may be divided into the fractious and the serious. We have no sympathy with those sections of university opinion which expect the Government to supply both a site and the funds for building a palatial home for the University, three times as large as its present one in South Kensington. We admit that the University of London is in a different position from those of Oxford and Cam-

bridge; but the contrast in expectations from the Government is surprising.

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Far more deserving of serious consideration is the objection, urged by Sir Philip Magnus among others, that to concentrate the University in a single central site would be prejudicial to the excellent system of co-ordinated extra-mural teaching which has been evolved by the University to satisfy the peculiar needs of the largest city in the world. But this is argument, and a serious one, against concentrating the University at all, not against the particular offer of the Government. One cannot but regret, for instance, the transplanting of King's College which would be necessary under the Government scheme. Traditions of schools and colleges usually survive removal, it is true; but there is a real risk of permanent loss. Sir Philip Magnus suggests that the work of the Imperial Institute should be associated with that of the University, and that sufficient room would be found in the Imperial Institute for the administrative and ceremonial needs of the University. This would avoid a large immediate expenditure of money on new buildings. Sir Philip further suggests that the whole question should be considered by a committee representative of the citizens of Greater London as well as the University authorities.

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In his Harveian Oration before the Royal College of Physicians Sir Frederick Andrewes invited his audience to compare the recent work at Cambridge on the structure of the atom with the statue of Sir Wilfrid Lawson on the Embankment. The contrast is no doubt impressive, but it can hardly be made to prove, as the orator suggested, that the age of Art is over and the age of Science nearing its zenith. To make such a deduction is to confuse the nature of the two activities. Science is capable of an absolute progress; its successive hypotheses are verified. Scientific truth thus gained is a possession for ever. But Art pursues Beauty, which is a thing in itself, or rather a name applied to objects which arouse in us a sensation of peculiar intensity accompanied by a conviction of profound apprehension into the real. It is not capable of verification; it appeals to a capacity for kindred experience. Nor does the power to appreciate it involve the power to create it. Every man of science who followed Newton began, in a real sense, where Newton left off; the poets who followed Shakespeare did not begin from "The Tempest." They had to begin all over again.

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The report of the British Board of Film Censors for the year 1919 makes interesting reading. One pleasant impression left by it is that Mr. T. P. O'Connor and his colleagues have a more imaginative conception of their duties than the Censor of Plays. They have completely rejected films on account of "scenes calculated to inflame racial hatred," and for bearing "inflammatory political sub-titles." Some small boys may lament the demise of that film which was rejected for "excessive revolver-shooting"; and older people will speculate about those films which perished because of their "unauthorized use of Royal Names, Public Characters, and well-known Members of Society."

SOLID OBJECTS

THE only thing that moved upon the vast semicircle of the beach was one small black spot.

As it came nearer to the ribs and spine of the stranded pilchard boat, it became apparent from a certain tenuity in its blackness that this spot possessed four legs; and moment by moment it became more unmistakable that it was composed of the persons of two young men. Even thus in outline against the sand there was an unmistakable vitality in them; an indescribable vigour in the approach and withdrawal of the bodies, slight though it was, which proclaimed some violent argument issuing from the tiny mouths of the little round heads. This was corroborated on closer view by the repeated lunging of a walking-stick on the right-hand side. "You mean to tell me . . . You actually believe . . ." thus the walking-stick on the right-hand side next the waves seemed to be asserting as it cut long straight stripes upon the sand.

"Politics be damned!" issued clearly from the body on the left-hand side, and, as these words were uttered, the mouths, noses, chins, little moustaches, tweed caps, rough boots, shooting coats, and check stockings of the two speakers became clearer and clearer; the smoke of their pipes went up into the air; nothing was so solid, so living, so hard, red, hirsute and virile as these two bodies for miles and miles of sea and sandhill.

They flung themselves down by the six ribs and spine of the black pilchard boat. You know how the body seems to shake itself free from an argument, and to apologize for a mood of exaltation; flinging itself down and expressing in the looseness of its attitude a readiness to take up with something new—whatever it may be that comes next to hand. So Charles, whose stick had been slashing the beach for half a mile or so, began skimming flat pieces of slate over the water; and John, who had exclaimed "Politics be damned!" began burrowing his fingers down, down, into the sand. As his hand went further and further beyond the wrist, so that he had to hitch his sleeve a little higher, his eyes lost their intensity, or rather the background of thought and experience which gives an inscrutable depth to the eyes of grown people disappeared, leaving only the clear transparent surface, expressing nothing but wonder, which the eyes of young children display. No doubt the act of burrowing in the sand had something to do with it. He remembered that, after digging for a little, the water oozes round your finger-tips; the hole then becomes a moat; a well; a spring; a secret channel to the sea. As he was choosing which of these things to make it, still working his fingers in the water, they curled round something hard—a full drop of solid matter—and gradually dislodged a large irregular lump, and brought it to the surface. When the sand coating was wiped off, a green tint appeared. It was a lump of glass, so thick as to be almost opaque; the smoothing of the sea had completely worn off any edge or shape, so that it was impossible to say whether it had been bottle, tumbler or window-pane; it was nothing but glass; it was almost a precious stone. You had only to enclose it in a rim of gold, or pierce it with a wire, and it became a jewel; part of a necklace, or a dull,

green light upon a finger. Perhaps after all it was really a gem; something worn by a dark Princess trailing her finger in the water as she sat in the stern of the boat and listened to the slaves singing as they rowed her across the Bay. Or the oak sides of a sunk Elizabethan treasure-chest had split apart, and, rolled over and over, over and over, its emeralds had come at last to shore. John turned it in his hands; he held it to the light; he held it so that its irregular mass blotted out the body and extended right arm of his friend. The green thinned and thickened slightly as it was held against the sky or against the body. It pleased him; it puzzled him; it was so hard, so concentrated, so definite an object compared with the vague sea and the hazy shore.

Now a sigh disturbed him—profound, final, making him aware that his friend Charles had thrown all the flat stones within reach, or had come to the conclusion that it was not worth while to throw them. They ate their sandwiches side by side. When they had done, and were shaking themselves and rising to their feet, John took the lump of glass and looked at it in silence. Charles looked at it too. But he saw immediately that it was not flat, and filling his pipe he said with the energy that dismisses a foolish strain of thought,

"To return to what I was saying——"

He did not see, or if he had seen would hardly have noticed, that John after looking at the lump for a moment, as if in hesitation, slipped it inside his pocket. That impulse, too, may have been the impulse which leads a child to pick up one pebble on a path strewn with them, promising it a life of warmth and security upon the nursery mantelpiece, delighting in the sense of power and benignity which such an action confers, and believing that the heart of the stone leaps with joy when it sees itself chosen from a million like it, to enjoy this bliss instead of a life of cold and wet upon the high road. "It might so easily have been any other of the millions of stones, but it was I, I, I!"

Whether this thought or not was in John's mind; the lump of glass had its place upon the mantelpiece, where it stood heavy upon a little pile of bills and letters, and served not only as an excellent paper-weight, but also as a natural stopping place for the young man's eyes when they wandered from his book. Looked at again and again half consciously by a mind thinking of something else, any object mixes itself so profoundly with the stuff of thought that it loses its actual form and recomposes itself a little differently in an ideal shape which haunts the brain when we least expect it. So John found himself attracted to the windows of curiosity shops when he was out walking, merely because he saw something which reminded him of the lump of glass. Anything, so long as it was an object of some kind, more or less round, perhaps with a dying flame deep sunk in its mass, anything—china, glass, amber, rock, marble—even the smooth oval egg of a prehistoric bird would do. He took, also, to keeping his eyes upon the ground, especially in the neighbourhood of waste land where the household refuse is thrown away. Such objects often occurred there—thrown away, of no use to anybody, shapeless, discarded. In a few months he had collected four or five specimens that took their place upon the mantel-

piece. They were useful, too, for a man who is standing for Parliament upon the brink of a brilliant career has any number of papers to keep in order—addresses to constituents, declarations of policy, appeals for subscriptions, invitations to dinner, and so on.

One day, starting from his rooms in the Temple to catch a train in order to address his constituents, his eyes rested upon a remarkable object lying half-hidden in one of those little borders of grass which edge the bases of vast legal buildings. He could only touch it with the point of his stick through the railings; but he could see that it was a piece of china of the most remarkable shape, as nearly resembling a starfish as anything—shaped, or broken accidentally, into five irregular but unmistakable points. The colouring was mainly blue, but green stripes or spots of some kind overlaid the blue, and lines of crimson gave it a richness and lustre of the most attractive kind. John was determined to possess it; but the more he pushed, the further it receded. At length he was forced to go back to his rooms and improvise a wire ring attached to the end of a stick, with which, by dint of great care and skill, he finally drew the piece of china within reach of his hands. As he seized hold of it he exclaimed in triumph. At that moment the clock struck. It was out of the question that he should keep his appointment. The meeting was held without him. But how had the piece of china been broken into this remarkable shape? A careful examination put it beyond doubt that the star shape was accidental, which made it all the more strange, and it seemed unlikely that there should be another such in existence. Set at the opposite end of the mantelpiece from the lump of glass that had been dug from the sand, it looked like a creature from another world—freakish and fantastic as a harlequin. It seemed to be pirouetting through space, winking light like a fitful star. The contrast between the china so vivid and alert, and the glass so mute and contemplative, fascinated him, and wondering and amazed he asked himself how the two came to exist in the same world, let alone to stand upon the same narrow strip of marble in the same room. The question remained unanswered.

He now began to haunt the places which are most prolific of broken china, such as pieces of waste land between railway lines, sites of demolished houses, and commons in the neighbourhood of London. But china is seldom thrown from a great height; it is one of the rarest of human actions. You have to find in conjunction a very high house, and a woman of such reckless impulse and passionate prejudice that she flings her jar or pot straight from the window without thought of who is below. Broken china was to be found in plenty, but broken in some trifling domestic accident, without purpose or character. Nevertheless, he was often astonished, as he came to go into the question more deeply, by the immense variety of shapes to be found in London alone, and there was still more cause for wonder and speculation in the differences of qualities and designs. The finest specimens he would bring home and place upon his mantelpiece, where, however, their duty was more and more of an ornamental nature, since papers needing a weight to keep them down became scarcer and scarcer.

He neglected his duties, perhaps, or discharged them absent-mindedly, or his constituents when they visited him were unfavourably impressed by the appearance of his mantelpiece. At any rate he was not elected to represent them in Parliament, and his friend Charles, taking it much to heart and hurrying to condole with him, found him so little cast down by the disaster that he could only suppose that it was too serious a matter for him to realize all at once.

In truth, John had been that day to Barnes Common, and there under a furze bush had found a very remarkable piece of iron. It was almost identical with the glass in shape, massy and globular, but so cold and heavy, so black and metallic, that it was evidently alien to the earth and had its origin in one of the dead stars or was itself the cinder of a moon. It weighed his pocket down; it weighed the mantelpiece down; it radiated cold. And yet the meteorite stood upon the same ledge with the lump of glass and the star-shaped china.

As his eyes passed from one to another, the determination to possess objects that even surpassed these tormented the young man. He devoted himself more and more resolutely to the search. If he had not been consumed by ambition and convinced that one day some newly-discovered rubbish heap would reward him, the disappointments he had suffered, let alone the fatigue and derision, would have made him give up the pursuit. Provided with a bag and a long stick fitted with an adaptable hook, he ransacked all deposits of earth; raked beneath matted tangles of scrub; searched all alleys and spaces between walls where he had learned to expect to find objects of this kind thrown away. As his standard became higher and his taste more severe the disappointments were innumerable, but always some gleam of hope, some piece of china or glass curiously marked or broken, lured him on. Day after day passed. He was no longer young. His career—that is his political career—was a thing of the past. People gave up visiting him. He was too silent to be worth asking to dinner. He never talked to anyone about his serious ambitions; their lack of understanding was apparent in their behaviour.

He leaned back in his chair now and watched Charles lift the stones on the mantelpiece a dozen times and put them down emphatically to mark what he was saying about the conduct of the Government, without once noticing their existence.

"What was the truth of it, John?" asked Charles suddenly, turning and facing him. "What made you give it up like that all in a second?"

"I've not given it up," John replied.

"But you've not the ghost of a chance now," said Charles roughly.

"I don't agree with you there," said John with conviction. Charles looked at him and was profoundly uneasy; the most extraordinary doubts possessed him; he had a queer sense that they were talking about different things. He looked round to find some relief for his horrible depression, but the disorderly appearance of the room depressed him still further. What was that stick, and the old carpet bag hanging against the wall? And then those stones? Looking at John, something fixed and distant in his expression

alarmed him. He knew only too well that his mere appearance upon a platform was out of the question.

"Pretty stones," he said as cheerfully as he could; and saying that he had an appointment to keep, he left John—for ever.

VIRGINIA WOOLF.

Poetry

PARADYSE TERRESTRE

A sharp black belfry pricking 'gainst the sunset
Guards a grave garden, where, deflowered, the lilacs
Mingle with ebony yews, and a small fountain
Uplifts a lichened Cupidon, whose fingers
Hold a stone conch, whence limpid crystal flows
Upward and downward, whitening to the basin.
Now 'tis the time of coral, tranced with amber;
Clouds sharp as fishes, delicate as feathers
Fallen from the scarlet wings of a flamingo,
Float in the jade and golden West, and flowers
Aspire with an autumnal breath, yet gorgeous
And perfumed, with their imperial brocade
Wrapping their fabulous limbs, whose naked beauty,
Nymph-like, is still with calm voluptuous odours
Purely embalmed, and as great eyes their souls
Still look forth for the wandering moths, still know
How candid and how grandiose glows the Sun:
How he still permeates with undiminished glory
Their golden gardens, and his Circassian shades
Still tinge their cheeks of crimson and of purple . . .

WILFRED ROWLAND CHILDE.

ULYSSES

Little old man with the restless eye,
Why drink your beer so solemnly?
Are you a poet?

I sail the seas.

Your name then, sailor?

Ulysses;

I was at Troy.

Then you have seen

Young Paris and his proud pale queen,
Fair Helen? Diomedé you knew,
And garrulous old Nestor too,
Or swift Achilles, beautiful
As the young sun?

I knew them all.

Westward in search of gold do you roam
By new-built Carthage?

I go home,

To rocky Ithaca and my wife,
I'm weary of this wandering life.

F. BATESON.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

(BORN OCT. 21, 1772)

We know thy failings, nor would gloss them o'er,
Nor weight their scale with cant or prejudice:
We wonder only they availed no more,
And that thy sleepless conscience could suffice
After those many years of slavery sore
To save thee, scarred with that one cicatrice,
Confessed a master of the Muses' lore,
Wise with the wisdom that has paid the price.
Not strange thy fall, but thy recovery
A marvel for thy many friends to see,
Who followed, cherished, honoured thee, and knew
The meed of praise to thy far vision due:
Wordsworth and Lamb could boldly prophesy,
Thy great sun set, its glow would warm the sky.

S. E. W.

REVIEWS MISSIONARIES

IN UNKNOWN CHINA. By S. Pollard. (Seeley & Service. 25s.)
THE REBUKE OF ISLAM. By W. H. T. Gairdner. (United Council
for Missionary Education. 3s.)
WOMEN WORKERS OF THE ORIENT. By M. E. Burton. (United
Council for Missionary Education. 2s. 6d.)
CHARACTER BUILDING IN KASHMIR. By the Rev. C. E. Tyndale-
Biscoe. (Church Missionary Society. 3s.)

THE Missionary enterprise of the nineteenth century still awaits its impartial historian. Heroism and trivialities, martyrdoms and raffles, breadth and narrow-mindedness, alliance with and protests against the economic exploitation of the natives: what a tangle! The hour for an examination is approaching, perhaps, for there is no doubt that the era of Missionary expansion draws to a close. Missions in England began with the industrial revolution. Thanks to the development of machinery, a pious and leisured middle class came into existence who, mindful of the Gospel injunction, prepared to evangelize the heathen. There had been missionaries before their day, but they had been isolated idealists like St. Francis, or had held the sword of the State like Cortes and Pizarro. Middle-class Englishmen shunned either alternative. They did not want to be murdered nor to murder, but to convert, and being business men, they knew that nothing can be done without money. Subscription lists swelled; and in particular did elderly and childless women find comfort in the movement and would sometimes leave it all their wealth. Much unselfishness and heroism went to the growth of Missions, but they also met a home need. There was surplus money in England, seeking a sentimental outlet. Some societies would have endowed art and literature with the surplus: our middle class spent theirs in trying to alter the opinions and habits of people whom they had not seen.

But the surplus could not exist for ever. The industrial revolution, which created it, also created the abyss that has swallowed it up. The factories, as the century progressed, produced more and more guns and ammunition. The Gospel of Peace was preached to all nations, but the countries that preached it most meanwhile perfected the sinews of war. In 1914 there was an explosion at the heart of Christendom whose effects are incalculable; but among them we may predict the decay of foreign Missions. It is not only that the heathen have shown themselves puzzled and cynical, so that Chinese who have served in France raise eyebrows when cargoes of Bibles arrive in China. It is that there is less money to pay for the Bibles. Missions must mainly depend on private enterprise. No Imperial Government dare subsidize them in its own territories; or it risks a religious mutiny. And private enterprise, taxed without, and ravaged by agnosticism within, grows less and less inclined to foot the bill.

When we pass from the subscribers to their agents, we enter a finer country. Missionaries have their faults (Mr. Tyndale-Biscoe's incredible little book will exhibit them), and there are bad missionaries. But for the most part they are Christians of integrity, and fine fellows, too, who try not merely to alter the heathen, but to understand him. It is the missionary rather than the Government official who is in touch with native opinion. The official need only learn how people can be governed. The missionary, since he wants to alter them, must learn what they are. He often seems to be, and sometimes he is, the ideal student of human nature, passionate after facts, and moving through analysis towards sympathy. (We shall find such a missionary in Mr. Pollard.) He has largely abandoned "direct preaching," and tries to win converts

by showing Christ in his life. Having gained a man's affection and helped him materially, he will say in effect: "You like me, and I have done things for you that your countrymen have not done. Christ is the cause of my character and conduct: will you too not declare for Christ, since you appreciate His gifts?" A conversion of this type is a very secure one, since it is based on friendship and trust, and the missionary may legitimately rejoice.

Yet some natives are obdurate even here. They suspect, and not without reason, a spiritual flaw. Why should an Englishman sail all these miles to be kind to someone whom he'd never heard of? Could he find no one to be kind to at home? Their attitude is well put by a missionary who writes from Tripoli, and whom Mr. Gairdner quotes:

It is difficult to love a Moslem, because he is not very lovable, and also because he usually resents a too near approach to him until in some way his confidence has been won. When acts of kindness and love are done to him he is sure to suspect that I am doing it, not for his sake and because of simple disinterested love, but for some reason of self-interest known perhaps only to myself. . . . At best I am doing it in order to win him from Mohammed to Jesus Christ, and even this is perceived to be an interested motive. The suspicion is merited because sooner or later the plea for Christianity will be made. The acts of kindness are not really disinterested, though the missionary may pretend to himself that they are. He may not perform them in order to convert, but having performed them he will find conversion easier, and of this he will take full advantage. He will in the long run try to alter the other man's opinions—and indeed it is to do this that he is paid by the old ladies at home. Disinterested love is the finest thing in the world, but it does not act thus; it does not cause one to accept a ticket to Tripoli on the chance of some unknown Tripolitan needing one's help. Only the love of propaganda can do this, and the new type of missionary is here less frank than his predecessor who stepped ashore Bible in hand. Among primitive faiths he will have greater success, but he will fail even more completely against a fully-developed and conscious creed. The Moslem, like everyone else, can appreciate disinterested love, but he must be assured that his friend does not by a mental reservation identify that love with the cause of Christ, and, of course, the missionary does and must identify the two; it is the central mystery of his faith, and the doctrine of the Redemption rests on it.

These are the burrowings of psychology. On the surface are beneficent schools and hospitals, work in the zenanas, etc., a various and varying interference with the habits of Oriental peoples, particularly with their sexual habits, an occasional alliance with economic Imperialism (as in Uganda in 1892), and an occasional protest against the same (such as was made by the Bishop of Zanzibar a few weeks ago). To add up all these activities into "bad" or "good" will be the historian's task; all that one can say now is that they are European in origin, and financed by a class of people whose incomes are decreasing. Of the four writers under review, Mr. Pollard assuredly did "good" to the tribes of Western China, for he has the most charming and sympathetic personality; Mr. Gairdner and Miss Burton, tactful, well-informed and devoted, should do good rather than harm; while Mr. Tyndale-Biscoe gives us his own assurance that he has done good and nothing but good, and the assurance of Sir Robert Baden-Powell that he "has succeeded in the delicate operation of strengthening the moral backbone of large numbers of boys in Kashmir." But could any of the four—even Mr. Pollard—have executed their mission twenty years later? They come at the end of an epoch, when the industrial West is still able to subsidize its religions and the agricultural East still willing to accept them. There will always be missionaries so long as there is Faith, but, in the future, they will tend to be isolated enthusiasts, like St. Francis and Raymond Lulli in the past.

It is in the missions to the Jews and to the Mohammedans that the retreat will first be sounded, for here are the most intractable fields. Islam (with which Mr. Gairdner's convenient manual deals) never responded, and, except to the eye of faith, the thousands of pounds here spent by provincial England seem utterly to have been lost. As Mr. Gairdner says: "When Islam once takes hold it becomes almost impossible, humanly speaking, to dislodge it," and though his book ends on a clarion note, he relies on exclamation marks and capital letters rather than on argument. Why, indeed, should a Mohammedan turn Christian? He cannot be persuaded logically to exchange his one God for a God who is both one and three: the doctrine of the Trinity (though Mr. Gairdner does not mention it) is a permanent stumbling-block. And his difficulties are more than philosophic. The central mysteries of Christianity are actively repulsive to him. It is a question of emotion, almost of taste. Take a text that seems so beautiful, not only to Christians, but to all who have grown up in Christian surroundings: "For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son." This text will give three separate shocks to an orthodox Moslem, so alien to his sentiments is it that God should love a world, that he should be a Father, and that he should allow his Son to die. The door that sometimes swings open between Christianity and Hinduism gives no entrance into Islam, and in the race for Africa Islam has indeed beaten Christianity.

No such problems need trouble Mr. Pollard among the Nosu, a wild tribe on the upper waters of the Yang-tse. He did, it is true, sing them a hymn in Chinese on arrival, but they did not understand Chinese, and when the hymn was translated into Nosu they laughed, and Mr. Pollard seems to have laughed also. He calls himself a "pioneer," and perhaps this is what a missionary should always be, free to indulge his noble and tender impulses, but exempted from connecting them with theology. Such impulses, when interwoven with romance, make a most attractive book, and "In Unknown China" can be warmly recommended to all classes of readers. It is full of splendid descriptions of scenery and customs. Here and there it rises to heroic level. The story of the glorious young chief who sickens of leprosy and kills himself shows that Mr. Pollard can soar far above the humorous sympathy where most of his confrères stick; he is capable of unabashed reverence, he can move to tears. The Nosu loved him, and no wonder. They offered him a wife, an agreeable girl who wore coral beads. We know that he did not marry her because he says he did not, and missionaries always tell the truth; but he has certainly left his heart among those savage hills, and the heart of many a reader should hasten thither after it. Were one discussing travel-books and not mission-books, one would be able to speak at greater length of this charming writer, and of the wild and lovely world that he reveals.

But now it is time, yea, it is high time, to turn to the Rev. C. E. Tyndale-Biscoe, M.A., headmaster of the C.M.S. School at Srinagar, and to the deeds for the Empire and Christianity that he has wrought in that city. There is no rubbish about sympathy now. Take the Kashmiri by the scruff of his neck; that is the only way you can strengthen his backbone. Kick him about until he has learned Boy Scout methods. Srinagar was a cesspool, moral and physical, when Mr. Tyndale-Biscoe arrived—Brahmanism and corruption, early marriages, cruelty to animals, nor did the population wash. Not "boys" were his pupils, but "jelly-fish": he can only call them "jelly-fish," bundles of dirty linen; and he started their education by throwing them into the river Jhelum, then he caned and fined them and bullied them into breaking caste, and mocked their religious observances, also thwarting and

insulting their parents whenever an opportunity occurred, for he knew that whatever Indians think right is bound to be wrong, and that the British Raj exists in order that missionaries may drive this home. Two quotations will indicate his spiritual scope :

If you wish a boy to stay at your school, do not be too kind to him or visit him when he is ill or in trouble (though of course you will do so, notwithstanding, knowing that right will prevail in the end), but be hard on him ; and if you have occasion to punish him, then punish him severely, and he will love and follow you like a spaniel :

A wife, a dog, and a walnut tree
The more you beat them the better they be,
But truer still of the Kashmiri ;

and again :

God in His love has allowed us to know and accept Christ as our Saviour, and the least we can do is to pass on His knowledge to others.

Mr. Biscoe's success in passing on his knowledge is immense. Srinagar totters under his blows: he tells us so, and missionaries always tell the truth, especially when they are school-masters. And even if he exaggerated, his book remains valuable, for it indicates the sort of person who is still trotting about in India. The Indian climate has much to answer for, but it can seldom have produced anything quite as odd as "Character Building in Kashmir"—anything quite so noisy, meddlesome and self-righteous, so heartless and brainless, so full of racial and religious "swank." What is the aim of such a book? As the Rev. C. E. Tyndale-Biscoe, M.A., himself puts it, "Qui bono?" And why has the Church Missionary Society published it? For it is bound to create grave prejudices against their other workers in the Foreign Field.

Amid such varied efforts does the labour go forward, the labour of imposing a single religion upon the terrestrial globe. It is an extraordinary ideal, whatever one's personal sympathies, and it will bulk more largely than we realize in our history, when that history comes to be written. To what extent Christians still hope for their universal harvest, it is not easy to say. They think it right not to give up hope, but that is rather different. They can scarcely ignore the double blow that the war has dealt to Missions—cutting off their funds and discrediting the Gospel of Peace at its source. And even if they ignore it, the heathen does not. As an Egyptian remarked to a well-wisher in a moment of exasperation: "But for what you want to visit my country for? Visit England, Scotland, Ireland first; yes, and Wales." E. M. F.

VERSE

RICHARD PLANTAGENET; AND OTHER POEMS. By David Davenport. (Kegan Paul. 2s. 6d. net.)
POEMS. By J. H. McEwen. (Elkin Mathews. 3s. 6d. net.)
DAWN AND SUNSET GOLD. By Samuel J. Looker. (Author, 132, Upper Clapton Road, Clapton. 3s. 6d. net.)
WAYSIDE POEMS. By Gerald Bull. (Daniel. 5s. net.)
CHAINS. By S. Winsten. (Daniel. 5s. net.)

WHERE the poetic quality is hardly felt at all, it may yet happen that the writer has an interest for an occasional reader, perhaps springing from his personality, attitude, or experience; more probably due to the subjects which he has chosen. Indeed, it is not unreasonable to expect as much interest from a book of verse in general as from a book of prose. The volumes of verse which not even the difficulties of production can keep in manuscript swarm as thickly as before, and, when all is said, shouted, or written about this plethora, it is not an inexplicable affair. It has been styled "echolalia," the natural causes being apparently the writing of school exercises, familiarity with poetry, the persistence of rhythmical phrases in the brain, and the desire to "do something" in a lifetime, to have produced a book, and to hold as good a position as the greatest in the British

Museum Catalogue. Unfortunately, echolalia is a pale, dull condition, and its books are uninteresting. Many of them are before us, but we pass by in silence. A few deserve to be noticed, perhaps not much better in poetic quality, but giving evidence of something more than echolalia. We read, like Hunt, anything that is readable, and are thankful for it.

In opening, for example, Mr. Davenport's "Richard Plantagenet," it is appealing to the sense of interest, if not to the sense of poetry, to find at once a dialogue like this:

Sir Thomas Moyle. This three months now I watch thee
at thy toil,
And ever note that as occasions rise
In stress of weather or at noonday meal
Thou read'st and still dost read, but as I come,
And fain would learn what doth engross thy mind,
Within thy cloak the volume thou dost hide.
Richard Plant. And hath my custom, Sir, endamaged
thee?
Or done a mischief to the house I build?
Sir Thomas. Nay, but I marvelled at thy studious air,
Nor knew that masons were such learned men.
But grant me sight of what e'en now I feel
Beneath thy mantle's fold.

By this, not only Sir Thomas Moyle, but we also, want to see the book, and hear the conversation that may follow. Mr. Davenport has begun well. He says what he means, and that is one virtue in man or book. His little collection includes four historical dialogues in much the same style as the quotation, two slight lyrics, and four sound versions from the classics.

Translation is often a saving grace in books of verse, and Mr. McEwen's "Poems" has nothing better than his version from Marot beginning,

When I regard the daintiness of Anne,
Youthful and moulded as the gods on high,

or that delicate reminiscence of "Nous n'irons plus au bois." Mr. McEwen is certainly interesting, and has a quiet but definite lyrical ability. We turn to Mr. Looker's "Dawn and Sunset Gold," a decorative title, but not merely a decorative volume. It is true, he is an enthusiast of jasper, heliotrope, and faery; he is markedly derivative, though mainly from excellent sources; but he contrives to convey a natural delight in nature. If he would substitute individual for conventional evidences he might approach nearer poetry. Another poet largely concerned with nature is Mr. Gerald Bull, and the same thing applies. "O lovers' eyes are quick to see, And lovers' ears in hearing," and we do not see how any poet can really and fully love nature unless he sees and hears so. Mr. Bull addresses, once, a "madly joyful small lark perched on a railing," a very suspicious character; this mars his evident feeling for rural felicity. "Chains," by Mr. Winsten, reveals the same feeling, but not the eager harvest of true nature poetry. In his present volume, however, Mr. Winsten is primarily the poet of conscientious objection. The horrors of imprisonment are expressed by him in careful fragments of verse, but they lack sharpness. And sharpness was essential in describing how cold it was at Wandsworth, to impress a public which felt equally cold between Lombartzyde and Péronne, with an even colder future threatening every moment. E. B.

THE principle animating *The Pilgrim*, a new quarterly "review of Christian Politics and Religion" (Longmans, 3s. 6d.), edited by Canon Temple, of which the first number has just reached us, is stated in these words of the editor: "We must find the way to give expression to our faith in the ordered life of the community; but that faith can only live in individual hearts." It contains a valuable paper by Dean Inge on "Mysticism, Philosophy and Religion"; "Christianity and International Problems," by Major-General Sir Frederick Maurice; and "Christian Unity: The Theological Background," by the editor.

WRESTLING WITH ELIZABETHAN PROBLEMS

SHAKESPEAREAN PLAYHOUSES: A HISTORY OF ENGLISH THEATRES FROM THE BEGINNINGS TO THE RESTORATION. By Joseph Quincy Adams. (Constable. 21s. net.)

WHAT were the particular circumstances in which a specific kind of early theatre, to which admission was by payment at the door and was free to all who proffered the necessary sum, came to be denominated private? Few questions have more severely exercised the Elizabethan antiquary. Professor Joseph Quincy Adams, in a book of durable architectonic quality forming a notable landmark in American scholarship, arrives at the conclusion that the term "private theatre," as distinguished from "common" or "public" theatre, was due to the possible circumstance that Farrant, on opening the first Blackfriars in 1576 with his choirboy players, began by inviting select spectators, instead of summoning anybody and everybody in the orthodox theatrical way. Sensible as this sounds, it is marred by a sad jumbling of chronology. Primarily, what investigators require to grasp is that the original and only sixteenth-century term was "private house," and that the term "private theatre"—never of wide acceptance—failed to emerge until some years after its usage was justified by the construction of Burbage's Blackfriars largely on the model of the Shoreditch public theatres. It must be clearly borne in mind that the two preceding private houses, Farrant's and Paul's, were simply rooms with the audience all on the one level. It is not until 1606 that we find Dekker making innovation in writing of "private playhouses," and the term "private theatre" was even of later origin. Neither appellation ever succeeded in ousting "private house" from popular usage. One finds it still persisting on the title-pages of plays in the later Caroline period. Thus, Shirley's "Hyde Park" is described in the quarto of 1637 as "a Comedie, as it was presented by his Majesties Servants, at the private house in Drury Lane."

There is little room to doubt that the best solution of the problem yet advanced is the solution somewhat confusedly proffered in 1857 by William Henry Smith in his "Bacon and Shakespeare." (Some eight years ago, at a period when he was unacquainted with Smith's opusculum, the present writer, in pondering over the crux, arrived at the same conclusion, and gave it to the world as his own. Since then the credit and the discredit have been solely his. Justice must be done, but, like Pete's in "The Manxman," his surrender of the bantling tears the heart-strings.) Smith's idea was that the term "private house" received its peculiar application through the more or less successful attempts to take advantage of the qualifying clause in the Act of Common Council of December, 1574, an act for the better regulation of acting within the city. The clause ran:

Provydyd allwaie that this Acte (otherwise then touching the publishing of unchaste, sedycious and vnmete matters) shall not extend to anie plaies, Enterludes, Comedies, Tragidies, or shewes to be played or shewed in the pryvate house, dwellinge or lodgyng of anie nobleman, citizen, or gentleman, which shall or will then have the same thear so played or shewed in his presence, for the festyvitie of anie marriage, assembyle of frendes, or otherlyke cawse, withowte publike or common collection of money of the audiorie, or behoulders theareof; referringe alwaie to the Lorde Maior and Aldermen for the tyme beinge the Judgement accordinge to equitie, what shalbe counted such a playenge or shewing in a pryvate place, anie thinge in this Acte to the contrarie notwithstanding.

When we bear in mind that performances by professionals were permitted in citizens' houses during the plague of 1575, and that the first known (although possibly not the earliest) private theatre dates from 1576, the evidence in favour of Smith's hypothesis seems overwhelming.

Lest a contrary impression should have been given, one pauses here to say that, simply as a well-ordered, thoroughly documented synthesis of all the data available on the rise and progress of the English Theatre in the platform-stage era, Mr. Adams's book is an essential adjunct of every Shakespeare library. But it has divers rare qualities which place it beyond the category of a mere compilation. Hardly a section but bears evidence of sound independent thinking and much individual research. The sum-total of our knowledge has been increased. The revelations of the absorbing chapter on the Caroline Court theatre place Mr. Adams in the front rank of Elizabethan investigators.

Occasionally, however, his cocksureness on highly disputable points irritates. Relying on the slender reed of Wright's belated "Historia Histrionica," he is positive that the old Phoenix in Drury Lane was an oblong building with a rectangular auditorium. This may be challenged on the strength of contemporary evidence. Professor Adams ignores the revelations of Ford and Dekker's masque, "The Sun's Darling," as acted at the Phoenix in March, 1624. This had previously been given at Court, but there is reason to believe that the form in which it has come down to us is the theatrical form of the entertainment. It is divided into acts, and Court masques were certainly not so divided, being given all in a breath, so to speak. Remark what the Sun says to the audience on making his appearance in the opening scene:

We must descend, and leave awhile our sphere,
To greet the world—Ha? there does now appear
A circle in this round, of beams that shine
As if their friendly lights would darken mine:
No, let them shine out still; for these are they,
By whose sweet favours, when our warmth decay,
Even in the storms of winter, daily nourish
Our active motions, which in summer flourish
By their fair quick'ning dews of noble loves:
Oh, may you all, like stars, whilst swift time moves,
Stand fix'd in firmaments of blest content.
Meanwhile the recreations we present
Shall strive to please.

Here, "a circle in this round" means, if it means anything, that the audience was seated in a curved auditorium. Now a semicircular disposition implies permanent accommodation. There was no such accommodation at Court in 1624, where the scaffolding was temporary, and arranged, on Inigo Jones's showing, rectangularly. (See A. H. Thorndike, "Shakespeare's Theater," p. 177, for one of Jones's plans.) The form of address, too, was not unprecedented in a public theatre. In Middleton's "The Mayor of Quinborough" we find the Prologue saying:

What Raynulphe, monk of Chester, can
Raise from his Polychronicon
That raiseth him, as works do men,
To see long-parted life again,
That best may please this round fair ring,
With sparkling diamonds circled in,
I shall produce.

Moreover, it would have been utterly incongruous for the players to have addressed a Court audience as those who "daily nourished" their active motions. Consequently, in despite of Wright's ipse dixit, we are forced to the conclusion that the Phoenix had a rounded auditorium.

It is curious how a simple solution will sometimes elude the subtle mind—probably because it is subtle. In a legal document of July, 1592, Henry Lanman deposed:

That true it is about seven years now shall be this next winter, they, the said Burbage and Brayne, having the profits made at the Theatre, and this deponent having the profits of the plays done at the house called the Curtain near to the same, the said Burbage and Brayne, taking the Curtain as an esore to their playhouse, did of their own motion move this deponent that he would agree that the profits of the said two playhouses might for seven years space be in dividend between them.

Mr. Adams agrees with his distinguished compatriot Professor C. W. Wallace in reading "esore" as "easer." In appropriate American locution, what is the matter with "eyesore"? W. J. LAWRENCE.

TAILPIECES

NEIGHBOURS. By Wilfrid Wilson Gibson. (Macmillan. 7s. 6d. net.)

THESE are aerial beings who can conjure up the spirit of poetry by, as it seems, a few magic passes; they need but to give the word and the poetry is there. These men were rare enough in all ages, and it cannot be said that they are as common as bee orchids to-day. There are others whose salvation lies (for the general award) in their patience. They prepare themselves by a long apprenticeship to the actual poetry which dwells in the world round us, and, like old Crome, will not be driven from their stronghold of criticism, the faith that Nature is the best artist. They eventually arrive at one of two effects, over and above the rich but terrestrial harvest of the quiet mind—they find that the moments come which transform the Wordsworth of the "Evening Walk" into the Wordsworth of "Lyrical Ballads," or, missing those moments, they set themselves to capture the mystery, and obviously they fail.

The present collection of poems by Mr. Gibson is, we know at once by his previous poetical career, sure to satisfy our taste for earnest study and humanity. The least shadow of doubt on this score is removed by the sequence of "dramaticles" under the general title "Neighbours" which begin the book. These are chiefly epigrammatic in the style of some of the condensed dialogues in the Greek Anthology, but in the spirit of the North. In a way, they are Crabbe in miniature; but not so biting, and rarely burning into a white heat. The control is perfect—indeed, is too perfect. Mr. Gibson frequently gives these poems a sombre romantic cast, a sort of emotional cerement, and reminds us of the sexton's private glory-hole at the back of the church where the mattocks, lowering-ropes, trestles and other sad emblems await us. He does this excellently—no one better. Ellen Chandler, lying in bed in the house by the river, watches the sunlight flung in rings and eddies from the waterbreak on the ceiling:

And even as she wondered, heard
A voice between a sigh and shiver,
Though nothing in the chamber stirred:
"Where comes no sound of singing river
I lie, who lay where you lie now,
Daughter, and watched that golden glancing—
Cold darkness heavy on my brow,
And done, the dazzle and the dancing."

Let us now follow Mr. Gibson on other ground, where he is not so familiar with the paths and hedges. In his own especial field it was not linked sweetness in him that so convinced us, but hard-knit economy and precision. In "Chambers," the second section of the book, he endeavours to paint in a sensuous and lavish and even a nonchalant style. Is this Mr. Gibson:

With April in their voices
The blackbirds pipe and trill?

Or this: "The immortal fire of cold white ecstasy"? The weakness of language sometimes manifests itself in overplus: in phrases like "belching furnaces," "amber lucencies"—we could multiply these from the remaining poems. But that is not the point, or only a side issue. Our point is that Mr. Gibson for us has something of the power and the achievement of his fellow-Northumbrian, Bewick. Granted that he possesses not a tithe of Bewick's nature-knowledge, he approaches him more nearly in his reading of human nature; and when he leaves this province for the dash and splendour of Turner or even the woodland revery of Birket Foster, he drops for a shadow the substance which he had before. He is doubtless confident of attaining the elusive gleam, and we hope he may some day find it in his grasp; but the deliberate search is not the best.

E. B.

A SENSIBLE BOOK ON SEX

SEX EDUCATION AND NATIONAL HEALTH. By Mrs. C. Gasquoine Hartley. (Parsons. 6s. net.)

A CRITIC of the old school once dismissed a recent school-story with the remark: "Sensible boys, once the simple physiological facts of sex are known, do not go on talking about things which are as obvious as the action of the digestion, and as unsuitable for conversation." The action of the digestion only interests the average man when his liver is disordered, whereas sex supplies the main motif for most of the art and literature of the world. The simple physiological facts are the grammar of sex. It is necessary to understand them just as it is necessary to master French grammar if you wish to read Flaubert; but a man's interest in French literature does not cease when he has completed Hugo's first course, and a boy's interest in sex is not fully satisfied when you have demonstrated that babies do not arrive in the doctor's little bag. It is not the physiology, but the psychology, of sex which the boy, like the adult, finds interesting. The fact that gestation lasts nine months bores him, but the rumour that Jones, who left last term, is keeping a chorus-girl does not bore him.

It is, moreover, naïf to adjure a small boy to refrain from "dirty talk" with his little friends, and to turn to you if his curiosity is still unsatisfied. Among his friends the boy will display a Rabelaisian frankness, but most boys shrink from embarrassing discussions with their elders. Perhaps they feel that the Rabelaisian method is less indecent than the scientific lecture. Kipling's epigram that the reserve of the boy is greater than the reserve of the maid is not wholly false to life.

Mrs. Hartley, in the wisest book that has yet appeared on this topic, realizes these facts. "The boundless curiosity of the child," she writes, "is not satisfied, and indeed should not be wholly satisfied, with what we can teach. I believe all healthy children will always talk to each other about the facts of sex with greater freedom than they will speak even to the most loved parent." Mrs. Hartley, of course, urges that parents should not shirk the embarrassing duty of giving their children some instruction before they go to school. We agree, and we agree even more heartily with her very necessary cautions on the best method of imparting this information.

We must not be over eager, or we shall fall into sentiment and grave mistakes. The child at the age when such questions will first be asked, and should be answered, will very quickly tire of any information that you may give it. It will break off to run away and play, and will interrupt the most beautiful and carefully prepared of your lessons. And if you are wise, you will never go on beyond the interest of the child, or the satisfying and *nothing further* of the special curiosity which at that time is occupying the child's mind. . . . It is the child, and not the parent, who must be the guide.

Mrs. Hartley's intuition into the workings of the boy mind would be remarkable as a feat of memory had she ever been a boy herself, for such memory is rare among men. Her book is all the more astonishing, seeing that its wisdom cannot be ascribed to personal recollections. One reads her healthy criticisms of the awful warnings frequent in school pulpits, those warnings which hold up the asylum or an early grave as the normal consequences of immorality, and one seems to catch an echo of one's own boyish comments as one emerged from the school chapel. The appeal to chivalry as the antidote to vice has its own dangers, quite as marked as the appeal to prudence. "To personify all inspiration and nobility as woman" is merely "to make unknown vice attractive," for the average boy soon discovers that his mother's female friends are neither inspiring nor romantic, and is naturally tempted to turn to "waitresses or women of a bad class"

to discover that romantic love, the portrayal of which was piously intended to preserve him from such women.

Most writers on sex have some fad which warps their views and induces exaggerations in one direction or another. Few books on sex are as sensible and sane, as free from crankiness and as full of a wise, humorous, and understanding attitude as this study of an old problem from a new standpoint.

A. L.

THE HOST OF THE AIR

VISIONS AND BELIEFS IN THE WEST OF IRELAND. Collected and arranged by Lady Gregory; with two Essays and Notes by W. B. Yeats. 2 vols. (Putnam. 22s. 6d. net.)

THE Irish people believe in the invisible world. "If by an impossible miracle," Lady Gregory says, "every trace and memory of Christianity could be swept out of the world, it would not shake or destroy" this belief. It is absolute, uncompromising; we may deplore it, or sympathize with it, but it is there, a living factor in everyday life, with all the hardness and obstinacy and narrowness that characterize such convictions when deeply felt. Lady Gregory's "Visions and Beliefs in the West of Ireland" is the Bible of this faith. It has been taken down word for word from the lips of witnesses all, or nearly all of them, unlettered, and the very seeming pointlessness of most of their communications lends to them a kind of authenticity, for here, obviously, there is no particular will to believe, just as, save in two or three echoes from the traditional folk-tale, there is no trace of the creative imagination having been at work. The cumulative effect of this bewildering mass of evidence is at least sufficient to arouse conjecture. Even those of us who are naturally sceptical feel inclined to ask, "What, then, does lie behind it all?"

Nearly everybody in Ireland must at one time or another have spoken with persons to whom strange things have happened, have heard from them stories pointing to the existence of a race of beings in close relationship with, yet sharply divided from, the human race. Such persons seldom strike one as particularly imaginative—they are farmers who have cut down an old thorn-tree on some part of their land, simple peasant women who are not in the least eager to make a convert. What is more, the element of "wonder" is usually absent from the mind of the informant himself: the existence of the supernatural is an axiom, a commonplace taken for granted: that these "others" exist is accepted without question.

They, these "others," are the Sidhe, the faery people, "thick as the sands of the sea," fallen angels perhaps, yet not essentially evil, still retaining a hope of salvation, and sometimes busy with such thoughts, so that they will send back an "old spent man" whom they had taken long ago, in order that he may get absolution before he dies. And this faery people is divided into two races, one gay and handsome, the other ugly and malicious. They are not visible to all; they can take any shape they will; they pass us in the storm; they dwell in old grass-grown forths and lisses, and gather about ancient thorn-trees. Yet, though they can do marvellous things (building up a house in the twinkling of an eye), their powers seem limited—seem, in many cases, dependent upon human aid, so that many human children are stolen, and young men and young girls, always the strongest and handsomest; while it is said that all children born in their kingdom must have one human parent.

Little is known, however, either of their kingdom, of themselves, or of their life. Those who return are reticent, and their experiences reach us only at second hand. This we may note, nevertheless, that all who have been taken are anxious to come back. That ardent, yet shadowy, strange life, so full of laughter and gaiety, of dancing and

card-playing and feasting, seems to bring no happiness with it; there is an eagerness to escape from it, and many who are captured do indeed escape. Others, while still in thrall, have power, it may be through some great passion of love, to return at intervals in a form more or less ghostly. So we learn of a son returning to his mother, but more frequently it is a mother who returns to her child. Only those who have eaten the faery food pass entirely under the malign power; while this is untasted there is hope.

And the benefits "they" are able to confer upon their favourites are not numerous. Chief among them seems to be the power of healing. It is from "them" that Biddy Early, the most famous wise-woman in Lady Gregory's book, has derived her gift. Yet Biddy Early is not, in the accepted sense of the word, a witch: neither here nor elsewhere, as Mr. Yeats points out, is there any hint of a compact with the devil. In all this world, indeed, there is no suggestion of Black Magic, nor of any of those subtle forms of damnation so dear to the mediæval and monkish mind. The priests were, as a rule, against Biddy Early, but the grounds of their disapproval remain vague, and the priests themselves, according to tradition, can and do perform miraculous "cures," some of them suspiciously like those accomplished by the amazing Biddy herself. Many instances are given of wonders they have worked, not always in connection with human patients. But a penalty is exacted. Father Rivers dies "within two years" of his first dabbling in such matters, and "they never live long," we are told, "when they do these cures, because that they say prayers that they ought not to say."

On this point, however, opinions differ: the evil may not always react upon the healer, though a penalty must be paid by somebody. Even Biddy Early "had to cast the sickness on some other thing—it might be a dog or a goat or a bird": one is reminded irresistibly of the story of the Gadarene swine. It is safest, then, not to meddle in such matters: it is wiser even to leave untouched the treasure "they" may offer. "And whenever he'd want money, for a fair or the like, he'd find it laid on the table in the morning. . . . But after that going on for a time he lost his son." The gold, too, is often in itself elusive, faery gold, gold that turns to trash, to dry dung or a heap of withered leaves.

Does there, in truth, behind all this—behind these pranks and apparitions, the crying of the banshee, the vision of the death-coach, the wasting away of those who have been "touched"—lie anything but the grey fog of superstition? Certainly the whole thing is fraught with a danger not at first sight apparent. Fear is the begetter of cruelty, and there have been cases tried in modern criminal courts where what has been punished as abominable cruelty was really but a mistaken following of the wisdom of the seer. The changeling can be driven away by fire, for instance; but if it should happen not to be a changeling! Let us take the case of a little boy "cured" by one Father Callaghan:

"Go out and bring me in a bundle of sally rods that will be as thin as rushes, and divide them into six small parts," he said, "and twist every one of the six parts together." And when that was done, he took the little bundle of rods, and he beat the child on the head with them one after another till they were in flitters and the child roaring. Then he laid the child in the father's arms, and no sooner there than it fell asleep, and Father Callaghan said to the father, "What you have now is your own, but it wasn't your own that was in it before."

Almost every kind of reader will find these volumes deeply interesting. Taken down with patience and extraordinary skill from the lips of living men and women, they make audible the very voice of the Irish people. They form a valuable contribution to the literature of folk-lore, while Mr. Yeats' highly characteristic essays and notes add greatly to their curious charm.

F. R.

BOOKS ABOUT PEOPLE

MY CANADIAN MEMORIES. By S. Macnaughtan. (Chapman & Hall. 12s. 6d. net.)

MEMORIES OF WILLIAM HOLE, R.S.A. By his Wife. (Chambers. 6s. net.)

THE DIARY OF A JOURNALIST. By Sir Henry Lucy. (Murray. 15s. net.)

THE biography of anybody, the account of any human being's life from the cradle to the grave, may furnish a narrative of the highest interest. The only condition necessary to ensure this is that the biography should be truthful. In practice, biographers are not greatly concerned with truthfulness; it is difficult in most cases to discover what they are concerned with—to play a game according to the rules is perhaps a sufficient definition. But the game is such a dull one; the rules are so badly designed that they not only deprive the performance of all spectacular interest, but they do not even allow us the technical satisfaction of enjoying the quiet and subtle skill of the performer. A game that is at once dull and easy has surely no claim to survive. Gogol well described our reaction to the "official" biography when he pointed out, of a man who was described as a true patriot, a good father, an honourable citizen, that there was no reason to suppose any of this true except for the fact that he wore very thick eyebrows. But this is the very worst and most dignified type of biography, the biography that is frigidly insincere. Each of these three books is better than that.

Miss Macnaughtan's book, although a series of essays on things Canadian, is chiefly a collection of biographical sketches of prominent Canadians. Her more prominent worthies are Lord Strathcona, Sir William van Horne, Sir William Mackenzie, Sir Donald Mann and Colonel Davidson. Each sketch is readable and occasionally vivid, but the effect of all of them is to destroy our confidence in any one of them. This peculiar result is due to the fact that, on finishing the book, we had great difficulty in sorting out the anecdotes. We made the perplexing discovery that all these men are exactly alike; they all have the indefatigable energy of a steam engine, they are all men of immense foresight, the behaviour of each of them is of the same burly, melodramatic kind, and they all talk in the same way. We also had the confused impression, as we have said, that they all said the same things. They all continually did things the rest of the world declared to be impossible, and they all did them in half the time they said they would. Now all this may be quite accurate. It is very likely that this type of man is indigenous to Canada, and exists in great profusion. Or it may be that, by a process of natural selection, only the possessors of these qualities reach a sufficient degree of eminence in Canada to warrant a biographical sketch.

But it is inevitable that one should wonder whether these peculiarities are not due to Miss Macnaughtan's methods. Miss Macnaughtan, like most of us, was excited by vast displays of energy. She liked strong men, and she is willing to believe anything that is to their credit; she is quite willing to make the dangerous assumption that the real man is a faithful replica of the public man. But the transatlantic public man, even more than our own, is a creature of anecdotes and newspaper headlines, and this kind of creation results merely in mass production. It creates a class, but it does not create individuals. She tells us that Sir William van Horne says: "Sleep is a mere matter of habit and one can easily do without it." But the United States and Canada are full of eminent men who have said that; it is like their wonderful memory for faces and their telegraphic conversation; these are mere class distinctions. But Miss Macnaughtan is sufficiently enthusiastic about it all to be thoroughly readable, and if her accounts are not faithful to realities, we do not doubt that they are faithful to ideals, and perhaps that is even more important.

Mrs. Hole's little book on her husband is a better type of biography altogether. Affectionate to his memory as she is, we feel that this sketch is, nevertheless, just. The late William Hole emerges as a man surrounded by friends, and we feel that this is exactly the atmosphere suited to reveal the man. He was an "objective" type of man, modest, kindly, boisterous, with simple, straightforward emotions and opinions. He had his little vanities, he made his errors, and they suffer no judicious obliteration at Mrs. Hole's hands. A lengthy analysis of such a man would be intolerable, and would inevitably be misleading. Isolated from his friends he would be incomplete. Professor Fleeming Jenkin, R. A. M. Stevenson, the lesser known Campbells and Findlays are all integral to the picture. This particular Edinburgh group had very little in common with the "artistic" communities which flourish in every large capital. Such communities would regard this Edinburgh group, it is to be feared, as "bourgeois," and doubtless with justification. There is nothing of the "world well lost" atmosphere about it; it is, amongst other things, too well off for that, and received too much official recognition. But if it was not an intense life, it was a pleasant life. Perhaps in normal times we should view it with some intolerance, but to-day, drifting aimlessly in the wake of the Great War, we are sympathetic to those brightly-lit evenings, the rather feeble jokes, the huge laughter, the conventional and, oh so stupid, political opinions.

Sir Henry Lucy's Diary would provide, it might be thought, good biographical material. He met a very large number of important men and women, and he is an industrious chronicler. A very large number of these celebrities were politicians, and perhaps this fact accounts for what seems like Sir Henry Lucy's failure. For, except for a few jokes, we find very little of interest in this record. Names pass across the page; there is the usual supply of "inside" information that turns out to be so exactly what one would have supposed and so entirely unmoving when revealed; there are accounts of the doings and sayings of these people, accounts which can only demand record because of the names concerned, on the principle which allots space in a picture paper to an Earl—walking down the road. But, generously allowing all that may be pleaded for the banality of his material, we think that part of the effect is due to a fault in Sir Henry. In his phrases we sometimes recognize the flavour of the official biography. In particular he has one trick very characteristic of those works. It is to make statements about his hero, with the air of suggesting an exceptional virtue, which hold good of practically everybody in the world. For instance, even with Cecil Rhodes, Sir Henry cannot do much better than this:

With all his hard exterior to the world at large, his imperious manner, and his habitual standoffishness to Society magnates, he had a heart tender as a woman's.

So had Nebuchadnezzar and Julius Cæsar and Alaric and Napoleon. Lenin also is famous for the same qualities.

Again:

A man of the simplest tastes, wanting little here below at dinner-time, he wanted that little good and well cooked, with a moderate allowance of the best wine, for which he had a delicate palate.

This likewise is true of the celebrities mentioned above, and also of the present writer. A long compilation of characteristics of this sort enables us to get very little nearer to Cecil Rhodes or anybody else. Discretion is a virtue, but not at all times and places. We could do with less of it in Sir Henry Lucy's Diary.

WHEN we mention the name "Crockford's" and add that the fifty-first issue (1920), over two thousand pages thick, can be had of the Field Press, Windsor House, Bream's Buildings, E.C.4, at 30s. net, it seems unnecessary to say more. As far as we can judge, it is unimpeachable.

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"Yes."

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He explains:

"Because—you don't understand, Charlotte—if I know a woman wants me, it makes me loathe her."

"It wouldn't, if you wanted *her*."

"That would be worse. I should hate her then if she made me go to her."

Now Charlotte has already experienced physical love. She is just free of her "immense unique passion" for Gibson Herbert.

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Let us turn to Mrs. Dawson-Scott and the Red Pendargons, that ancient Cornish family that had, "like an apple, a spreading brown patch, a patch of decay." But we must let the quotations speak for themselves. There are no hard words in this novel, and there are an immense number of dots; they are so many and so frequent that we believe they must mean more than we have understood.

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 Cornwall. Roma sees the ploughman, Tavis Hawke,
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Cornwall. Richbell Hawke in her kitchen.

When baby came!

. . . If baby were to come to-day . . . to-morrow, she need not worry. Plenty of food in the house . . . from snout to tail, pig's meat was good.

Reader, pray, your attention here! Baby has come!

Her gesture—bent head, curving body, smile—was ineffable. Eve, mother of all living, had looked like that when the Lord God, still walking—though it was no longer Eden—in the cool of the evening, had lifted the tent flap and asked to see her first-born.

Was it—could it have been the same evening?

But about that spot. Hendre Pendragon, the son, knew it was there.

Like splashes of red-hot paint on a midnight back ground, the deeds he had done . . . Done them secretly, in corners, in holes. Such a dull existence . . .

To readjust his power—as the psycho-analysts would say—he decides to marry Roma, who consents, until she realizes she loves the ploughman and belongs to him.

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AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN IN THE WORKS OF HENRY JAMES. By S. B. Liljegren. (Lund, C. W. K. Gleerup; Leipzig, Otto Harrassowitz.)—The author of this treatise must have an intimate knowledge of English or he could hardly have studied so closely the work of Henry James, since that writer cannot, in his later manner at any rate, be "easy" to the foreigner. Nevertheless, Mr. Liljegren's own English is extremely "queer," and this defect seems

somehow particularly unfortunate in an essay treating of the work of a great master of prose. Mr. Liljegren is concerned only with one feature of the Jacobean novels, namely, the contrast between the American and European points of view as described therein, the drama arising from the juxtaposition of an old and a modern civilization. The paper is thoughtful and painstaking, quite up to the standard of the average University thesis, but no more than that. The student of James will find in it nothing new, though Mr. Liljegren elaborates his point at considerable length, and illustrates it with copious extracts.

CONTEMPORARY PORTRAITS. By the Right Hon. Sir Algernon West. (Fisher Unwin. 18s.)—The danger of repeating a good thing is illustrated by this sequel to Sir Algernon West's "Recollections." "Bobsy" Meade and other eminent Civil Servants reappear, but they figure to less advantage in separate biographical sketches, spiced with an anecdote or two, than they did as Sir Algernon's colleagues and friends. There are some slips, though not of much moment. Matthew Arnold wrote "Thyrsis" (not "Thespiis") to commemorate Clough; Sir Robert Herbert was not Governor but Colonial Secretary and afterwards Premier of Queensland; and Sir Spencer Ponsonby is deprived of the "Fane" he assumed in later years. But the chief defect in this book is its inadequacy of treatment, in the case particularly of masterful people like Sir Henry Cole. Sir Algernon has not allowed himself enough elbow-room, except in the instance of Lord Welby. The order in disorder which characterized the methods of that remarkable financier is brought out with uncommon skill, and it is amusing to note that, though Liberal, almost Radical in his views, he was in his habits an old-fashioned Tory, notably in his objection to telephones and female typists. The book improves as it goes on, its best paper being the last, on No. 10, Downing Street. It contains historical information of value, and an interesting description of the portraits on the walls.

POEMS. By Lady Gerald Wellesley. (Murray. 5s. net.)—We know the difference between the village-green batsman and the doctrinaire of country-house cricket: the one, regardless of niceties, meting out aboriginal violence to every ball, and falling like Lucifer after some few miraculous blows; the other, with less of an eye, regarding not only the effect of each stroke but also the just elevation of the left elbow and the elegant safety of the prescribed stance; working no miracles and turning nothing off the middle stump. The distinction holds in poetry, the poetry at least which holds a corresponding position to ordinary cricket. There is the ballad-maker who makes atrocious shots and rhymes "time" with "shine" and "ready" with "empty," but who hits the mark now and then. The trained performer will never let us down with eked-out metre or obvious padding; there will be all the polish and ease of a billiard-table wicket and forward play, but there will not be much excitement. The poems under notice are technically safe, graceful, adorned, and on the whole are of the latter class. Far too many lines run like this:

I wail along the corridors of Tyre,
I hear Palmyra laugh again and speak
All unrepenting, with the ancient fire
She bred of old for joy and life and lust.
I hear the ghosts of drowned Atlantis shriek
With passion for the ages gone to dust.

But there are promises of better things, though we have looked in vain for a bad rhyme (except of course "even" and "Heaven"); and such a couplet as this, which expresses (apart from the "dead" heart) what we have been hinting, is certainly one of them:

Let all that springs from my dead heart be strong:
Fantastically right or vigorously wrong.

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AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN IN THE WORKS OF HENRY JAMES. By S. B. Liljegren. (Lund, C. W. K. Gleerup; Leipzig, Otto Harrassowitz.)—The author of this treatise must have an intimate knowledge of English or he could hardly have studied so closely the work of Henry James, since that writer cannot, in his later manner at any rate, be "easy" to the foreigner. Nevertheless, Mr. Liljegren's own English is extremely "queer," and this defect seems

somehow particularly unfortunate in an essay treating of the work of a great master of prose. Mr. Liljegren is concerned only with one feature of the Jacobean novels, namely, the contrast between the American and European points of view as described therein, the drama arising from the juxtaposition of an old and a modern civilization. The paper is thoughtful and painstaking, quite up to the standard of the average University thesis, but no more than that. The student of James will find in it nothing new, though Mr. Liljegren elaborates his point at considerable length, and illustrates it with copious extracts.

CONTEMPORARY PORTRAITS. By the Right Hon. Sir Algernon West. (Fisher Unwin. 18s.)—The danger of repeating a good thing is illustrated by this sequel to Sir Algernon West's "Recollections." "Bobsy" Meade and other eminent Civil Servants reappear, but they figure to less advantage in separate biographical sketches, spiced with an anecdote or two, than they did as Sir Algernon's colleagues and friends. There are some slips, though not of much moment. Matthew Arnold wrote "Thyrsis" (not "Thespis") to commemorate Clough; Sir Robert Herbert was not Governor but Colonial Secretary and afterwards Premier of Queensland; and Sir Spencer Ponsonby is deprived of the "Fane" he assumed in later years. But the chief defect in this book is its inadequacy of treatment, in the case particularly of masterful people like Sir Henry Cole. Sir Algernon has not allowed himself enough elbow-room, except in the instance of Lord Welby. The order in disorder which characterized the methods of that remarkable financier is brought out with uncommon skill, and it is amusing to note that, though Liberal, almost Radical in his views, he was in his habits an old-fashioned Tory, notably in his objection to telephones and female typists. The book improves as it goes on, its best paper being the last, on No. 10, Downing Street. It contains historical information of value, and an interesting description of the portraits on the walls.

POEMS. By Lady Gerald Wellesley. (Murray. 5s. net.)—We know the difference between the village-green batsman and the doctrinaire of country-house cricket: the one, regardless of niceties, meting out aboriginal violence to every ball, and falling like Lucifer after some few miraculous blows; the other, with less of an eye, regarding not only the effect of each stroke but also the just elevation of the left elbow and the elegant safety of the prescribed stance; working no miracles and turning nothing off the middle stump. The distinction holds in poetry, the poetry at least which holds a corresponding position to ordinary cricket. There is the ballad-maker who makes atrocious shots and rhymes "time" with "shine" and "ready" with "empty," but who hits the mark now and then. The trained performer will never let us down with eked-out metre or obvious padding; there will be all the polish and ease of a billiard-table wicket and forward play, but there will not be much excitement. The poems under notice are technically safe, graceful, adorned, and on the whole are of the latter class. Far too many lines run like this:

I wail along the corridors of Tyre,
I hear Palmyra laugh again and speak
All unrepenting, with the ancient fire
She bred of old for joy and life and lust.
I hear the ghosts of drowned Atlantis shriek
With passion for the ages gone to dust.

But there are promises of better things, though we have looked in vain for a bad rhyme (except of course "even" and "Heaven"); and such a couplet as this, which expresses (apart from the "dead" heart) what we have been hinting, is certainly one of them:

Let all that springs from my dead heart be strong:
Fantastically right or vigorously wrong.

MARGINALIA

BY race and religion Joseph Pfefferkorn was a Jew. By profession he was a butcher; but when the delikatessen trade was slack he used to supplement his income by stealing. In the year 1506 or thereabouts he suddenly became a Christian, and was duly baptized with the name of Johann. Scandal had it that his conversion was prompted by his instinct of self-preservation, and that he accepted Catholicism as a very good alternative to the gallows, to which his essays in robbery had condemned him. Since scandal is always picturesque and generally correct, we will accept this explanation of his change of faith as the truth. From the first Johann Pfefferkorn proved himself an extremely zealous Christian; he attended mass regularly and lost no opportunity of reviling the Jews. A grandiose anti-Semitic plan was ripening in his mind, and in 1509 he found an opportunity to lay it, fully matured, before the Emperor Maximilian. Briefly the scheme was this: Hebrew literature is non-Christian, therefore anti-Christian, and was worthy to be destroyed; let an edict be issued ordering the destruction of every book written in Hebrew. Pfefferkorn was powerfully backed; the Emperor listened to him with sympathy, and finally issued a rescript in which Hebrew literature was doomed to the flames with Pfefferkorn as executioner.

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Exultant, the pious Johann hastened to Frankfort, then, as now, the centre of German Judaism. The ancestors of the Rothschilds were rich, and scandal affirmed that Pfefferkorn had come to Frankfort with the intention of combining profit with piety; those who could afford it were to be allowed to ransom their books from destruction. But, alas! the best laid, the most hopeful plans often come to naught. Pfefferkorn found unexpected opposition springing up on every hand. Lawyers objected that the mandate on which he was acting was of a very dubious legality; scholars protested against the barbarism of a decree that aimed at the destruction of a whole literature, fraught with the most ancient and the most holy associations. In his dual capacity as a great jurist and a great humanist with all Mirandula's enthusiasm for Hebrew, Doctor Reuchlin was the principal spokesman, outside the Jewish community, of this opposition. Thwarted, Pfefferkorn grew abusive, called the great Reuchlin a heretic, an infidel. Battle was joined.

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It was not a mere quarrel between an eminent scholar and a renegade Kosher butcher with a dubious past. It was a pitched battle between the obscurants and the humanists, between light and darkness. Pfefferkorn's cause was at once espoused by every university north of the Alps; he became the champion of the orthodox, the defender of the decayed faith of Scholasticism. Reuchlin's allies were the humanists of every country in Europe. It was a long drawn and hotly contested battle, and at the time it was waged it seemed exciting enough. But many of the warriors who participated in it were to discover a few years later that this seemingly terrific struggle was only a sham fight, the preliminary manoeuvres, so to speak, before the real and sanguinary war of the Reformation. It is one of the ironies of fate that the writings and actions of intellectuals, like Erasmus and Reuchlin—men whose sole aim it was to increase the sum of sweetness and light in the world, to encourage toleration and intelligence and reasonable conduct—should have been the original begetters of a movement which was destined to plunge Europe into two centuries of strife and intolerance. Their words were like those fabulous dragon's teeth from which there sprang a crop of armed men. Nothing is more pathetic than the spectacle of Erasmus holding up his hands in horror and despair at

the spectacle of the Lutheran Reformation. He had worked for sweetness and light, and from his labours had been born the bitterness of discord and the darkness of new and intolerant dogmas. The moral is a distressing one. The world is prepared to listen to intellectuals, to sages and the apostles of reason, to listen and to be entertained by them; but as for putting their advice into practice, it scarcely dreams of that. It is the men of passion, the Luthers and not the Erasmuses, who move the world to action. In order to get things done you must be to some extent mad. The world is very fortunate in having been moved by so many madmen who were at the same time more or less intelligent.

* * * *

But we divagate from our theme. Johann Pfefferkorn, less madman than knave, found himself, as we have already seen, the champion of orthodoxy and the old university system. It was the University of Cologne that made him especially welcome and that lent its aid in arming him for the fray. Pfefferkorn seems to have known a little Hebrew, but was otherwise completely uneducated. It is even doubted whether he could write the Latin alphabet. This was a fact which made it somewhat difficult for him to conduct a war of words against one of the most learned men in Europe. Nevertheless several works, couched in Latin and passably learned in their matter, appeared under Pfefferkorn's name. The pious saw in this the evidence of a new miraculous gift of tongues. But Pfefferkorn's enemies asserted that the books were written by a certain Magister Ortuinus Gratius, a leading light among the theologians of Cologne. Gratius was a man of considerable accomplishments. He might, if he had chosen, have associated himself with the "secular Poets," or Humanists, and have been a very respectable member of the opposing enlightenment. But he preferred the comfort and security of a solid university post at Cologne. He had thrown in his lot, definitely and whole-heartedly, with the old system. Scholastic theology might look a little mouldy, but it still controlled the endowments.

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The *affaire* Pfefferkorn dragged on interminably. Reuchlin was cited for heresy by the Inquisitor of Heretical Pravity at Cologne, one Jakob van Hoogstraten, a member of the Dominican Order and an ardent supporter of the converted Jew. The Emperor issued several new mandates. The Bishop of Speyer pronounced in favour of Reuchlin against the Dominicans. Hoogstraten appealed to Rome. Being a member of the order of begging friars, he had a plentiful supply of money; fortune smiled upon him. Months passed, his money gave out and his chances grew less rosy. At the end of years the Pope postponed the whole matter *sine die*. The Dominicans were thwarted. It was a triumph, albeit a sterile triumph, for Reuchlin. But before the story had come to this rather lame conclusion something of great importance had happened at home in Germany—something that undoubtedly helped to secure the humanist's victory over the friars and theologians of Cologne, something that helped, too, to prepare the ground for the coming of the Reformation. This event was the publication, towards the close of 1515, of a book entitled "*Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum ad venerabilem virum Magistrum Ortuinum Gratium Davenportensem Colonia Agrippinae bonas litteras docentem: variis et locis et temporibus missæ: ac demum in volumen coactæ.*" Such was the genesis of the "*Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum.*" "No work," says Mr. Stokes, its most recent English editor, "no work less known is more often mentioned." Space fails me at the moment, and I too must be content with only mentioning the name of those enchanting letters. But next week I hope to do more. The Obscure Men deserve our best attention.

AUTOLYCUS.

NOVELS IN BRIEF

THE hero of "Half-Caste," by Holloway Horn (Collins, 7s. 6d. net), is by race half English and half Chinese, but his upbringing and traditions are much rather of China than of England. When grown up he visits London, and is shocked, not only, as is natural, by the social freedom it accords to women, but by its professional vice, which suggests the reflection that hypocrisy is perhaps not after all an exclusively British asset. His heart is, however, soon lost to a lovable English girl, and he then finds himself up against that granite wall of racial antipathy which, for her no less than for her circle, makes him an impossible husband. The pathos of the situation is poignantly realized, but we have to take the author's psychology on trust, and we are not sure that we find it convincing.

At first sight it almost seemed that in "Pengard Awake" (Methuen, 8s. 6d. net) Mr. Ralph Straus had recurred to the once popular device of the "Doppelgänger," but before long we realize that we are concerned, not with out-of-date German romance, but with twentieth-century psycho-analysis. On this hint it will be easy to conjecture the general lines which the author has pursued in constructing his story; but, greatly to his honour, we must admit that even an inveterate novel-reader will scarcely be able to forecast the various developments which arise, and in particular the utterly unlooked-for conclusion. Many difficulties certainly remain unsolved, but we are left none the less with the pleasant retrospect of an hour or two's excellent entertainment.

Abraham Lincoln is much in the public mind at present, and this circumstance may impart an attraction to "A Man for the Ages," by Irving Bacheller (Constable, 9s. net), which, on its own merits, it can scarcely claim. In its pages "Abe" appears first as a youth, and his early struggles, ambitions and achievements are described with that blending of idealism, and what in England we should call vulgarity, which characterizes a large field of American literature. An important part in the story is sustained by a pioneer family of emigrants from Vermont to Louisiana, and we have a sufficiently graphic account of their adventures.

The principal character in "Guest the One-Eyed," by Gunnar Gunnarsson (Gyldendal, 8s. 6d. net), is an Icelandic pastor, retrospectively known among his flock as the "Devil's Priest." His wickedness is indeed outstanding, and it is generally believed that he has sought refuge in suicide from the horrors of exposure. But, in fact, he devotes himself to a life of penitence and service, very much on the lines of St. Francis, and, after twenty years thus spent, returns home to die in peace. That we should feel willing to accept this tragedy of hideous wrong-doing and dramatic expiation as possible even at the present day is a remarkable tribute to that uniquely romantic quality which distinguishes Scandinavian literature.

The scene of "A Spanish Vendetta," by Louise Gerard (Mills & Boon, 7s. 6d. net), is laid, not in Spain, but in the Canary Isles and West Africa. The vendetta in question dates from four hundred years back, and for the moment has resolved itself into a course of unrelenting persecution directed by an abnormally wicked official against a blameless hero of romance, who, in addition to his other merits, can boast of an English education, and is in love with an English maid. Miss Gerard's methods, like her language, are sometimes disconcertingly artless, but for all that she holds our attention, especially when we are following the adventures of hero and heroine in a tropical forest.

"The Solvent," by Douglas Goldring and Hubert Nepean (Daniel, 7s. net), may be called, we suppose, a political novel, but it is diversified by some flights of fancy beyond what is usual in this branch of fiction. The hero, an Irishman named O'Carolan, has successfully pursued the quest of the mediæval alchemists. He has discovered the secret of gold-making, and by its means hopes to disorganize the world's currency and thus to end the war. (The period is 1916.) But O'Carolan is blown up in a mysterious explosion, and his discovery perishes with him—a coincidence which plainly relieves the authors of responsibilities likely to prove embarrassing. Several leading politicians and other influential persons, painted mostly in the blackest colours, take part in the action of the story.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO

As pendants to the review in the *Alfred* quoted on the 8th inst., we may conveniently set in this place some extracts from two communications which appeared in the *Morning Chronicle* of 1818. "J. S.," on October 3, wrote as follows:

... Allow me . . . to refer you to an article in the last Number of the *Quarterly Review*, professing to be a Critique on "The Poems of John Keats." Of John Keats I know nothing; from his Preface I collect that he is very young—no doubt a heinous sin; and I have been informed that he has incurred the additional guilt of an acquaintance with Mr. Leigh Hunt. That this latter Gentleman and the Editor of the *Quarterly Review* have long been at war must be known to every one in the least acquainted with the literary gossip of the day. Mr. L. Hunt, it appears, has thought highly of the poetical talents of Mr. Keats; hence Mr. K. is doomed to feel the merciless tomahawk of the Reviewers, termed *Quarterly*, I presume from the *modus operandi*. . . . Let Mr. Keats . . . persevere—he has talents of [no] common stamp; . . . if he will . . . apostatize in his friendships, his principles, and his politics (if he have any), he may even command the approbation of the *Quarterly Review*. I have not heard to whom public opinion has assigned this exquisite morceau of critical acumen. If the Translator of Juvenal be its author, I would refer him to the . . . touching history of genius oppressed by, and struggling with, innumerable difficulties, yet finally triumphing under *patronage* and *encouragement*. If the Biographer of Kirke White have done Mr. Keats this cruel wrong, let him remember his own just and feeling expostulation with the *Monthly Reviewer*, who "sat down to blast the hopes of a boy, who had confessed to him all his hopes and all his difficulties." If the "Admiralty Scribe" (for he, too, is a Reviewer) be the critic, let him compare the "Battle of Talavera" with "Endymion."

In the issue of the same newspaper for October 8, "R. B.," who dates his letter from the Temple, and appends nearly a column of extracts from "Endymion," remarks:

The spirited and feeling remonstrance of your Correspondent J. S. against the cruelty and injustice of the *Quarterly Review*, has . . . anticipated the few remarks which I had intended to address to you . . . But your . . . liberality in giving admission to every thing calculated to do justice to oppressed and injured merit, induces me to trespass further on your valuable columns, by a few extracts from Mr. Keat's [*sic*] poem. . . . I leave your readers to judge whether the Critic who could pass over such beauties as these lines contain, and condemn the whole Poem as "consisting of the most incongruous ideas in the most uncouth language," is very implicitly to be relied on.

William Gifford resigned his editorship of the *Quarterly Review* in 1824, and died at the end of 1826; but the rancour of the *Quarterly* against Leigh Hunt had not spent itself by 1828. In March of that year there appeared an abusive and virulent attack upon Hunt, for his "Lord Byron and some of his Contemporaries"—a book which admittedly was not in all respects a judicious production. The date of this *Quarterly* article is outside our normal limit; but some passages from it will fittingly conclude the series of extracts by which we have tried to illustrate an unpleasant and deplorable past phase of British literary criticism. The writer assails Hunt as "the surviving Grub-Street authoring"; as an "unworthy and ungrateful dependent"; and characterizes the book as "this filthy gossip." "The last wriggle of expiring imbecility," exclaims our critic, "appears in these days to be a volume of personal Reminiscences; and we have now heard the feeble death-rattle of the once loud-tongued as well as brazen-faced Examiner."

Contrasting Byron and Hunt in relation to their views on religion, the writer says:

"Humility—a most absurd delusion of humility, be it allowed—made the one majestic creature unhappy: the most ludicrous conceit, grafted on the most deplorable incapacity, has filled the paltry mind of the gentleman-of-the-press now before us with a chaos of crude, pert dogmas, which defy all analysis, and which it is just possible to pity more than despise."

We conclude by giving one more extract from this "heavy artillery" review:

Our readers have probably forgotten all about "Endymion, a poem," and the other works of this young man ["this Mr. Keats"], the all but universal roar of laughter with which they were received some ten or twelve years ago, and the ridiculous story (which Mr. Hunt denies) of the author's death being caused by the reviewers. Mr. Hunt was the great patron, the "guide, philosopher, and friend" of Mr. Keats. . . . In the volume now before us, Mr. Keats figures as one of the contemporaries of Lord Byron . . . next to Mr. Hunt himself, there can be no question that Mr. Keats will be considered by posterity as the greatest poet of these times. . .

LITERARY GOSSIP

A curious literary discovery has been made in connection with M. Anatole France. A whole novel of his, which he and the reading public had altogether forgotten, has come to light in the files of an extinct and obscure magazine. If someone can make a similar find for Mr. Hardy we shall be pleased; meanwhile, M. France's work is to be published in a limited edition.

England contrives to learn but little of the literary life of the colonies, and we welcome the September number of the *South African Quarterly*. Professor C. M. Drennan is the life and soul of it.

One literary landmark more has actually vanished. The alterations in Waterloo Place have destroyed No. 13, where Taylor & Hessey had their business, and where they entertained the "Londoners" from Coleridge and De Quincey to John Clare in his green suit. Here, too, Keats must have come during his last days in England.

The new *Army Quarterly* points out that "war has not been ended," and that there is still a need for a review of military affairs; declaring at the same time that its outlook will be by no means militarist, and very rightly condemning the optimism of ignorance. In brief, it is hoped to maintain "a sound and watchful public interest in the military organization for which the public pays." Naturally, therefore, much depends on the choice of contributors; and the first number certainly deserves success, including, besides articles by eminent soldiers (among whom is Colonel Lawrence), a note on the Somme Valley by Hilaire Belloc, and a comparison of the Flanders battle-ground of 1702-13 with that of 1914-18 by C. R. L. Fletcher and C. T. Atkinson.

Comparatively little notice has been taken of Dr. Grattan Flood's announcement, in the *Music Student* for August, relating to Thomas Campion. Campion, in brief, is now enrolled among famous Irishmen. He was born on Ash Wednesday, February 12, 1567, and is described in the records of Gray's Inn, which he entered on April 27, 1586, as "the son and heir of John Campion, of Dublin, Ireland"; and this John Campion, enrolled in the Middle Temple on July 26, 1565, was in turn "the son and heir of John Campion, of Dublin, deceased." Perhaps Dr. Flood will succeed in solving the problem of Thomas Campion's early education.

At last, thanks to the long and intricate labours of Mr. Rufus Rockwell Wilson of Boston, an edition of Thackeray's letters meriting the title "complete" is promised, in two octavo volumes of about 300 pages each. Mr. Wilson has searched every main and incidental published source, and during a recent stay in England was so successful that he will be able to use a great number of letters not printed before. Our only regret is that his edition is limited to 200 sale copies for America and England together.

Theodore Roosevelt, we imagine, holds the record for actual total of letters written. Copies of 150,000 have been preserved; from the most significant Mr. Joseph Bucklin Bishop has drawn much of his account entitled "Theodore Roosevelt and his Time," which Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton announce for early publication.

Mr. Lane announces two guide-books of more than usual interest: "What Pictures to See in Europe," and "What Sculptures to See in Europe," by Lorinda M. Bryant.

A translation of "Horace, Odes V." by Mr. Rudyard Kipling and Mr. C. L. Graves, and edited by Dr. A. D. Godley, is bound to excite widespread interest. Mr. Blackwell will publish the volume.

Important additions to war literature are to be published shortly by Messrs. Hutchinson: Bernhardt's "The War of the Future," "The General Staff and its Problems," by Ludendorff, and "British Secret Service during the Great War," by Nicholas Everitt, who took part in what he describes.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

SOME sixty or seventy books formerly in the possession of the Shelley family are offered by Messrs. Dobell (catalogue 295). The outstanding relic among these is Shelley's copy of "The Iliad," with a note or two in his handwriting, for which £95 is asked. There is nothing to place beside this in importance, though there are many volumes autographed by different members of Shelley's family. From other famous libraries, however, some rare and magnificent volumes are included, such as Robert Boyle's "Tracts, consisting of Observations about the Saltiness of the Sea: an Account of a Statical Hygroscope and its uses, etc." 1673 (£8 8s.); his "Memoirs of the Natural History of Humane Blood, especially the Spirit of that Liquor," 1683-4 (£8 8s.); and his "Medicina Hydrostatica, or Hydrostaticks applied to the Materia Medica," 1690 (£10 10s.). These all contain inscriptions by Sir Isaac Newton. As is their custom, Messrs. Dobell also offer several interesting volumes of miscellaneous plays.

The Third Catalogue of the Serendipity Shop omits almost entirely the period 1700-1840, but outside those years has much worth attention. Here is "The Odes of Casimire, translated by G. H.," 1646, a book thus referred to by Coleridge in 1796: "If we except Lucretius and Statius, I know not of any Latin poet, ancient or modern, who has equalled Casimir in boldness of conception, opulence of fancy, or beauty of versification. The Odes of this illustrious Jesuit were translated into English about 150 years ago, by a Thomas Hill, I think." The translator was really G. Hills. The section "English Books Printed Abroad" consists of devotional works. Among modern books, Ralph Hodgson's "Mystery and Other Poems," 1913, of which twelve were printed, is priced £2 2s., John Drinkwater's "Rupert Brooke, an Essay," 1916, at £3 10s. Curious contrasts occur under the heading "Association Books and Autographs." While a "fly-leaf from some unknown book, with inscription, 'Lionel Johnson, Gray's Inn, 1897. Ora pro hareticis Regina Confessorum,'" is marked 9s., and an autograph postcard from John Masefield 5s., a parcel of 12 autograph letters of Christina Rossetti, signed, with envelopes, can be had at 30s. A letter of Stevenson, at £18, and a typescript letter, signed, of Synge, at 25s., look a little incongruous beside two A.L.s of Wordsworth to John Murray, for which £2 2s. is asked. But undoubtedly the conspicuous item in this catalogue occurs quite by the way in a footnote, which mentions a copy, in Mr. Meynell's possession, of Marvell's Poems, 1681. Though differing from Mr. Dobell's unique copy, it nevertheless contains the Horatian Ode and other poems cancelled before publication.

Among the books recently added to the Library of the British Museum the following are of special interest:—A most necessary Dialogue between ye seditious Libertin or rebel Anabaptist & the true obedient christian . . . Translated out of Latyn into English by Ihon Veron Senonoys, Ihon Oswen, Worcester, also to sell at Shrewsbury, 1551. The original is perhaps by Heinrich Bullinger.—Patrick Cockburn, In secundae partis Catechismi enarrationem praefatio, John Day, 1561.—Jean de l'Espine, Excellent treatise of Christian righteousness, translated by I. Field, Thomas Vautrollier, 1580.—John Craig, Short summe of the whole Catechisme, T. Orwin for Thomas Man, 1589.—The Protestation of Martin Marprelat wherin he maketh it known that he feareth neither proud priest, etc. [Wolston? 1589?].—Henry Barrow, A brief discoverie of the false Church [Dort?], 1590.—John Penry, Confession of faith and Letter to his wife, both written shortly before his execution [1593].—William Browne, Britannia's Pastorals, T. Snodham for Geo. Norton, [1613-] 1616. The first book is of the uncorrected first edition, many changes in the text being afterwards made by the author.—William Bathe, Janua linguarum, H. L. for Matthew Lownes, 1615.—Thomas Harrap, Tessaradelphus, or the foure brothers, 1616.—Clement Cotton, None but Christ, The sick man's ABC, I. Beale for Na. Newbery, 1629. The fifth edition.—David Ramsay, A Sermon or little treatise upon the three last verses of the seventh chapter of Deuteronomy, Edward Raban, Aberdeen, 1633.—T.D., i.e. Thomas Deloney, The gentle Craft, showing what famous men have been shoemakers, Robert Bird, 1637.—Richard Baxter, The safe Religion, A. Miller for Thomas Underhill and Francis Tyton, 1657.

Science

JAMES CLERK MAXWELL

THE place that will be held by James Clerk Maxwell in the history of physics is not easy to determine. That it will be a very high place is obvious, that he will emerge as the greatest of the physicists of the nineteenth century is probable, but the student of Maxwell must feel that this kind of ranking is somehow irrelevant, or likely to become irrelevant, to his peculiar effect. The unique impression produced by Maxwell's achievement is not adequately described by being referred to his "originality." There are different ways of being original; it is not a sufficiently penetrating term. A number of Maxwell's scientific contemporaries were original men, but one is conscious that they had more in common with one another than Maxwell had with them. An exception from this statement is found in W. K. Clifford, who, as has often been remarked, had a genius curiously akin to Maxwell's. Both men were exceptionally independent thinkers, both men resisted the attraction of the high road; both men, if the term may be permitted, had a personal and unique angle of approach to the problems of their time. But this, though true, is not a sufficient description. It is important that in neither case do we feel their individual quality to be an eccentricity; their work has a power, and, still more, a comprehensive serenity, which is never the product of mere oddity—the oddity, for instance, of a Samuel Butler. If we try to get closer to this elusive and important characteristic we do not meet with much success; but we may suggest that the ideas of these men have the effect of springing from an unusually rich, subtle and comprehensive context. The fundamental ideas of the science of their time were subtly modified by reception into these minds; they were connected in a personal and unusual web of implications.

It is doubtless worth noting in this connection that Maxwell, unlike most of the scientific men of his time, was genuinely interested in metaphysical speculation. This was not merely another interest of his; it was, at most, another field of attention; he brought the same attitude of mind to all the objects with which he was concerned. We cannot make an exception even in the case of his religious views; to this man the problems of metaphysics, of physics, of morality, are almost arbitrary divisions of the one object of his thought. He was expressing a real difference from himself when he said that some men seem to have water-tight compartments in their minds. When we study the kind of homogeneity characteristic of Maxwell's mental life it is easy to understand those who call him a mystic. Even as a purely scientific man, his rational faculty, as evidenced by his mathematical reasoning, was a distinctly more fallible thing than his intuition. This is not to say that he was not a fine mathematician, but it is his intuitive grasp of a physical problem which gives him his high position, and not his purely mathematical verifications. His mathematics, in fact, was not always impeccable, as Sir Joseph Larmor points out in the new edition of "Matter and Motion" (S.P.C.K., 5s. net). But it is characteristic of Maxwell that, even when his proofs were faulty, his results were usually sound. His own way of confirming a difficult intuition was not to provide a formal mathematical verification, but to make appeal to easier intuitions—in fact, to construct mechanical models. He always liked to see the way things worked. It is important to remember that this desire for a particular kind of verification was not due to any lack of power to form abstractions; it was due to something quite different, to a lack of ease when faced by a purely logical chain of deduction.

On Maxwell's famous "Treatise on Electricity and Magnetism," Poincaré comments that its difficulty resides precisely in its great abstraction. It is this presentation of his theory to which one has to turn: nevertheless Maxwell, as if for his private satisfaction, developed some extremely complicated models which seemed to him to make his theory clearer. It was doubtless this combination, a great power of abstraction on the one hand, and a desire for very definite, even unnecessarily definite, confirmation on the other, which enabled him to be at once extremely original and remarkably sound.

In his boyhood he was constantly making all kinds of experiments with common substances, drawing complicated diagrams, constructing solid geometrical figures, even knitting elaborate pieces of wool-work; practically all these pursuits were dictated by the same desire, the desire to see an abstract principle embodied in a concrete instance. No man was less at the mercy of words. But it was, nevertheless, the abstract principle with which Maxwell was concerned; he merely wished to be quite sure that he understood it. His occasional trick of supplying an unexpectedly simple proof of a difficult theorem is due to this habit of realization. Platitudes acquired a wealth of implication in Maxwell's hands. During his student life at Cambridge, when he seems to have been chiefly occupied in making a survey of things in general, we find the same desire to reduce everything to a few principles; but the principles must first stand a rigorous examination. Merely vague unifications provoked his irony, and where no principle could be made to work, then, in spite of his love for coherent and inclusive systems, he would admit ignorance. And, in spite of his need for principles, and the tenacity with which he clung to those that met his need, he claimed no "absolute" quality for his beliefs. In his own words, "Nothing is to be *holy ground* consecrated to Stationary Faith, whether positive or negative." And, later, "Again, I assert the Right of Trespass on any plot of Holy Ground which any man has set apart. . . ." Such questioning as Maxwell applied to himself was to be applied to all other men. He was conservative, but not on exterior authority. His scepticism was, in truth, very profound, and it was always present. It informs his criticism, which is often extremely penetrating. The letters he wrote on the death of his friend Pomeroy, shortly after Maxwell had become a Fellow of Trinity, are very instructive from this point of view. His distrust of the "rationalizations" that men give of their beliefs extends to the beliefs themselves. As he says, men "are ignorant even of their own true faith till something brings it into action." This was a deep-rooted conviction with him, and is responsible for the flavour of irony which is never long absent from his comments on philosophic matters, indefatigable student as he was. He can direct this scepticism against himself, as in the entry in his programme of future study: "4. Metaphysics—Kant's 'Kritik of Pure Reason' in German, read with a determination to make it agree with Sir W. Hamilton." On another occasion he writes to a friend pointing out that, in reading an author, he had to find out first of all, not what the author meant, but that it was not what he was convinced must be meant. A little experience of criticism persuades us that this is, indeed, a very necessary procedure.

This aspect of Maxwell, as a critic at large, as it were, would well repay study, and it is unfortunate that our material for it is contained in a scarcely ideal biography. He differed from the run of scientific men, whose absorption in one pursuit makes their mental life unrepresentative; his chief problems are not found in his scientific writings, and they are the problems of us all. There was nothing superficial in Maxwell, and he had no easily won conclusions. It is the path he followed that gives interest

to his goal. We should like to know, for instance, what experiences, what reflections, enabled him to write: "Long ago I felt like a peasant in a country overrun with soldiers, and saw nothing but carnage and danger. Since then I have learned at least that some soldiers in the field die nobly, and that all are summoned there for a cause." That Maxwell, either suddenly or gradually, developed a mystic consciousness of life, is borne out by many passages of his correspondence. We can attach no other significance to his description of his "nostrum": "an abandonment of wilfulness without extinction of will, but rather by means of a great development of will, whereby, instead of being consciously free and really in subjection to unknown laws, it becomes consciously acting by law, and really free from the interference of unrecognized laws"; and his letters to his wife, dealing with passages from the Bible, abound in interpretations which are indubitably mystical. Yet we have no evidence that he was acquainted with the literature and terminology of mysticism; he is speaking of personal experiences, not of acquired doctrines.

The maintenance of a mystical outlook on life, together with a perfect realization of the implications of physical science, was accomplished, in Maxwell's case, by denying the ordinary conception of the *direction* of scientific progress. It is the idea which would inevitably occur to him, for it is the peculiar merit of his own work that it was not the result of straightforward progress. He made a new way of thinking necessary just as, in our own time, Quanta Theory and Relativity Theory have fundamentally disturbed our most unquestionable assumptions. The way Maxwell actually approached the problem we have mentioned was by insisting on what he called, by a mathematical analogy, the "singular points" of existences, that is, the points where the equations break down, and he postulated that the more there were of these singular points the higher the rank of the existence. At a "singular point" influences which are usually negligible may assume a dominating importance, and Maxwell saw the science of the future as being largely concerned with these lapses in continuity—as, in fact, science since his time has been. In this way he escaped determinism. In his own words:

If, therefore, those cultivators of physical science from whom the intelligent public deduce their conception of the physicist, and whose style is recognized as marking with a scientific stamp the doctrines they promulgate, are led in the pursuit of the arcana of science to the study of the singularities and instabilities, rather than the continuities and stabilities of things, the promotion of natural knowledge may tend to remove that prejudice in favour of determinism which seems to arise from assuming that the physical science of the future is a mere magnified image of that of the past.

This speculation, the problem of evil, and in what sense the individual may be said to persist in Time, are the kind of questions which concerned him during the last years of his life. It would be merely fanciful to mention these things as evidence of that "context" of which we spoke, but we think it is possible to understand more intimately the origin of the Electromagnetic Theory of Light if we remember that it originated in a mind which also constantly entertained these other, and apparently disconnected, speculations. S.

FORTHCOMING MEETINGS

- Fri. 22. King's College, 4.—"Italian Churches in the Eleventh and Twelfth Centuries," Professor Percy Dearmer. Royal Academy, 4.30.—"The Lower Limb: its Connection with the Trunk," Lecture II., Professor A. Thomson. King's College, 5.30.—"Contemporary Russia: Reforms of Alexander II.," Sir Bernard Pares. Institution of Mechanical Engineers, 6.—President's Address.

- Mon. 25. Faraday and Physical Societies (Institution of Mechanical Engineers, Storey's Gate), 2.30.—Discussion on "The Physics and Chemistry of Colloids," King's College, 5.30.—"Religion and Philosophy," Professor W. R. Matthews. University College, 5.30.—"The Study of Place-Names," Mr. A. Bonner.
- Tues. 26. Sociological (Leplay House, 65, Belgrave Road, Westminster), 5.15.—"Impressions of the New Germany," Mr. Huntly Carter and Mr. R. Unwin. King's College, 5.30.—"English Historical Sources: Classical Records and Texts," Professor W. C. F. Walters. King's College, 5.30.—"The Development of Philosophy from Descartes to Leibniz," Lecture III., Professor H. Wildon Carr. University College, 5.30.—"The Logic of Speech Forms," Lecture II., Rev. A. Darby. Royal Anthropological Institute, 8.15.—"The Wild Head-Hunting Tribes of Lakherland," Rev. R. A. Lorrain.
- Wed. 27. School of Oriental Studies, Finsbury Circus, E.C., 12 noon.—"Africa before 1500," Lecture IV., Miss Alice Werner. University College, 3.—"The Paradiso," Lecture II., Professor E. G. Gardner. Royal Academy, 4.30.—"The Lower Limb: its Connection with the Trunk," Lecture III., Professor A. Thomson. School of Oriental Studies, 5.—"The Peoples of the Nile Valley," Lecture IV., Professor C. G. Seligman. King's College, 5.15.—"Medieval Contributions to Modern Civilization: Philosophy," Professor H. Wildon Carr.
- Thurs. 28. School of Oriental Studies, 5.—"An Introduction to Indian Music," Mr. S. G. Kanhere. King's College, 5.30.—"Jewish Conceptions of the Kingdom of God," Canon G. H. Box. King's College, 5.30.—"Printed Books and Authors: Notes on the Form of Printed English Books," Lecture I., Dr. R. B. McKerrow. University College, 5.30.—"From Mons to the Marne," Sir George Aston. University College, 5.30.—"Italian Literature," Lecture II., Professor A. Cippico. (In Italian.) London School of Economics, Clare Market, 6.—"Forms of Industrial Self-Government," Lecture III., Professor L. T. Hobhouse. Egypt Exploration (Lecture Room of Royal Society), 8.30.—"Tell el-Amarna," Mr. P. E. Newberry.
- Fri. 29. King's College, 4.—"German Churches in the Eleventh and Twelfth Centuries," Professor Percy Dearmer. Royal Academy, 4.30.—"The Upper Limb," Lecture I., Professor A. Thomson.

Fine Arts

DEGAS, THE INSPIRED ARTISAN

DEGAS. Par Henri Hertz. (Paris, Alcan. 10 fr. net.)

THE works of minor artists are frequently interesting and instructive because they reflect the prevailing creeds and traditions of their period, and we study them—noting a special facility here or a special earnestness there, and pitting one man against another in friendly provincial rivalry—in order mainly to arrive at a complete and balanced appreciation of the value of the creeds and traditions they reflect. But all the time we know quite well that there are one or two men who stand above and behind the rank and file, great revolutionaries who interpret three sets of creeds and traditions—the tradition of the period that preceded them, the fashion of their own day and the half-formulated creed of the period immediately ahead of them. Degas was, of course, an eminent figure of this kind. The main body of the Impressionists can be compared only with themselves. But just as it is impossible to think of Manet without Velasquez and Goya on the one hand, and Cézanne on the other, or of Renoir without Watteau and the eighteenth-century French masters on one side and modern French painters like Derain, Lhote or Dufresne on the other, so it is impossible to think of Degas except as a figure in a direct line of

important artists. He lived from 1834 to 1917, and his art is a synthesis of the central current of French art of the whole period of his lifetime. Degas interprets the tradition of Ingres, in which he was educated, and the Impressionist creed of his own day, and he heralds Post-Impressionism, which belongs, properly speaking, to the period which followed his main activity. And the interpretation is in each case hammered into a new thing by the force of a convinced and concentrated personality.

The outstanding feature of Degas' personality was a whole-hearted devotion to his *métier*. He took art for granted. It never occurred to him that it needed defence or explanation. He was entirely concerned with painting to the best of his powers, and the only problems which interested him were problems of *métier*. When the official Salon told the world that Manet, Monet and Pissarro did not know their business, Degas was indignant, and helped them to form the Salon des Indépendants. But the Impressionist taboos were as powerless to destroy his personal equilibrium as the Academic rules had been before. Twelve years later, when the Impressionists' honour had been established, he retired from the lists, and he never appeared again in a public exhibition. He returned to his beloved paints and brushes, his charcoal and pastels, and continued the study of his *métier* without further disturbance for the rest of his life.

It is this passionate absorption in the act of painting, as Degas understood it, which gives his work its air of final accomplishment, and provides it with the emotional *élan* indispensable to great art. It was, doubtless, this passion also which led him, subconsciously, towards the contemplation of the human figure contorted by a daily occupation—ballet dancers practising at the bar or flitting on hard muscular toes behind the footlights, laundresses bending beneath heavy baskets or concentrating their weight on the slender handle of the iron. And it was certainly this ruling spirit which enabled him to make his rendering of such subjects essentially plastic and pictorial.

Degas would, we imagine, have been well pleased with the little book before us, because M. Henri Hertz has kept, in the main, to his muttons, and provided us with a straightforward life of the master and a sober account of his work, including some valuable notes on his conception of drawing and his technical methods. But Degas would assuredly have smiled at M. Hertz's final description of his *œuvre* as "un grand art Parisien." For the phrase is in the nature of a lapse into that vague literary species of art criticism which M. Hertz has elsewhere succeeded in avoiding. The art of any given place at any given period arises partly from the social conditions which prevail there, partly from the general stage of art development in adjacent or accessible countries, and partly from the personal factor contributed by the individual artists. The external elements that went to the production of Degas' art, which we have attempted to analyse briefly above, were the same as the external elements that went to the production of the art of Manet, or Renoir, or Pissarro, and their work is as much and as little Parisian as the work of Degas. Similarly the art of Titian, Veronese, and Tintoretto arose out of conditions which prevailed in Venice in one period, the art of Canaletto arose out of conditions which prevailed there a century later. We describe both types of painting as "Venetian" for convenience, but Venice itself provides no æsthetic common denominator. Æsthetically speaking—that is, in this case, from the point of view of pure painting, the point of view of Degas himself, of the man absorbed in his *métier*—there is much more similarity between Canaletto and Hogarth than between Titian and Canaletto. And it is as much an accident that Degas painted scenes of Parisian life as that Canaletto painted views of the Grand Canal.

R. H. W.

EXHIBITIONS OF THE WEEK

MESSRS. HEAL'S MANSARD GALLERY.—The London Group.

THE London Group has not reached the respectable span of 13 exhibitions without suffering the vicissitudes that usually afflict insurgent societies. Not a few of the earlier members have hurled themselves away from time to time with a violence natural to nebular disturbances, and the present exhibition at Heal's Mansard Gallery is handicapped, in addition, by the absence of many of the faithful. Mrs. Vanessa Bell, Mr. Bevan, Mr. Bomberg, Mr. Epstein, Mr. Roger Fry, Mr. Gertler, Miss Sylvia Gosse, Mr. Duncan Grant, Miss Nina Hammett, Mr. Nevinson and Mr. Randolph Schwabe make a big hole which the energies of the rest of the Group do not quite suffice to fill. If a group of so many members can be said to show a common character, its trend is certainly towards a simpler statement of natural appearances—simpler in the sense that natural forms are not uprooted from their familiar associations.

Most of these pictures, I suppose, were painted during holidays in the country, and since it is a lesser task to record than to re-create, and since, in spite of groups and "movements," the faculty to re-create in novel terms is rare, I notice with relief an absence of fevered straining and contrivance which no doubt will revive more or less inconspicuously as the winter advances. For, truth to tell, not all our sprats are whales, spout and thresh as they may.

The artists of the London Group must not, then, begrudge the beauties of the countryside their sedative sway, nor repine at the interruption of the intoxicating flood from Paris which was really much too heady for most. For Mr. W. B. Adeney it is too heady still; one of his pictures, "Gloucestershire" (6), is markedly like a Vlaminck in its turgid heaping of overlapping masses, though the scheme of the picture fails chiefly in the treatment of the sky. Another of his landscapes, "A Surrey Farm" (30), is rather a desperate attempt to show how, when they are pressed, they wield the palette-knife in post-war Paris. The palette-knife, for all its handiness and generosity, is not an instrument of precision, and when inspiration comes so furiously as it seems to have done in this picture, the plain painter should perhaps be a little suspicious of it.

These pictures, which seem to show Mr. Adeney in the throes of a departure in some unexplored direction, would not be mentioned first, and in a way that may reflect unjustly on the exhibition as a whole, were it not that most of the exhibitors are agreeably free from affectation. Nature is so often thought to be a poor thing, almost unworthy of notice, by the camp followers of the great innovators, and there seems to be no general understanding of the fact that academism is rife in areas far removed from Burlington House. Painters of balance, like Mr. John Nash and Mr. Elliott Seabrooke, are confident enough in the richness of their vision and in the vitality of what they have to express to be indifferent to superficial vehemence. "Stroud Valley—Evening" (13), by Mr. John Nash, preserves the quality of the thing seen with the intimate freshness and simplicity of a line in a fine lyric, than which no painter can desire a happier gift. Mr. Seabrooke too, in "Danny Park, Hassocks" (10), has evidently looked on this mass of foliage and undergrowth and high tree-stems till their intricate pattern has stamped itself upon his first vague sense of them. These two landscapes are, to my mind, the most imaginative in the exhibition, though a number of water-colours by Mr. Paul Nash are hardly less satisfying. There is always a danger with Mr. Paul Nash that by the time he has constructed his ingenious simplifications something essential to his first conception has evaporated. But more probably the truth is that Mr. Paul Nash is a fantasist rather than an artist of passion.

Mr. Ethelbert White is another fantasist whose work rather suggests a strong sympathy with that of Mr. Paul Nash. He shows three or four paintings which are agreeable enough, but one would like to see some work of his which would not recall so quickly the personal quality of a fellow painter. Other artists who show good work are Miss Thérèse Lessore, Mr. Allinson, Miss Cicely Stock, Mr. Meninsky, Mr. Keith Baynes and Mr. Porter. A few fragments of mosaic by Mr. Boris Anrep suggest that he would be able to deal with a large space; he might have exhibited a few large-scale architectural cartoons.

O. R. D.

Music

TAKE THREE DOZEN EGGS...

PERHAPS after all we took rather too sanguine a view last week; perhaps it would be going too far to maintain that our generation has produced its Morley. But that we have a teacher who interprets the needs and aspirations of our own age as faithfully as did Morley those of an earlier one will hardly be disputed by anyone who cares to turn from the pages of the "Plaine and Easie Introduction" and glance for a moment at those of "Modern Musical Composition."

The first thing in the book to remind us that we have advanced three hundred years is the severely practical scope of its intention. The author knows exactly what he wants to say, and how he wants to say it. Not for him the aimless dalliance with antique Moods and obsolete Proportions; Beauty, he says,

is our one aim: purely scientific compositions—the Fugue, the Canon, the Motet and the Madrigal—no longer appeal to the modern mind, and the goal of our ambition is the orchestral tone poem. Formerly, when the student wrote something imaginative, his teacher advised him to put it in the fire.

This advice, a wistful footnote informs us, "was frequently given to me in my student days."

Be his talent what it may, however, the student cannot begin with anything so formidable as a symphonic poem, and first of all, it appears, he can do no better than learn to write a Song. To do this he must have some Words. After a few attempts, it is hoped, he will have sufficient taste to despise the banality of the shop-ballad, and to eschew the commercial productions of professional rhyme-sters. Very proper, you will say; it is quite right that the young man should acquire a sense of the value of words; now he will turn to our real poets, and set some dainty trifle by Herrick perhaps, or Campion. He does not, however. His temperament leads him elsewhere, and after diligent research amongst the anonymous bards of the Fatherland, he emerges with the following (translated presumably by himself):

Fare-thee-well! The bitter smart
Of the word thou dost not know;
Tranquilly and light of heart
Thou didst speak it, to my woe.

Fare-thee-well! Once and again
To myself this word I spoke,
And in bitter grief and pain,
With it my sad heart I broke.

The Master evidently approves of this, and, after some friendly criticism of his pupil's first attempts, proceeds to show him how it really is done:

Now observe how differently the musician of experience would approach his task of setting this "Farewell" song. First of all he would read its text through and carefully estimate its character, which is one of bitter despair. In the first line is a kind of burden or refrain, the colour of which must pervade the whole song. The sadness must be nursed, and made to rise to an anguished climax in the last line (where the point of a song usually resides). This "My sad heart I broke" can be repeated and mournfully dwelt on if necessary.

The musical example which follows must be left to the imagination of the reader, who will probably not be surprised to learn that in the second verse, at the repetition of the words "And in endless [*sic*] grief and pain,"

accented passing notes convey the sentiment, and the section before the cadence is artfully filled in with a sort of sobbing repetition of our only remaining words.

Nor will it escape his notice that

the change to the key of C flat in verse two allows of some good sombre harmonies, and the sobbing rhythm in bars 40 and 41 fills up the empty spaces very suitably.

"The ultimate result," he concludes, with pardonable

satisfaction, "apart from the intrinsic musical interest, is, I consider, a song of some dignity and pathos."

It would be instructive to follow the Master through all the different forms of composition, and to quote some of his observations on form in general, which are most illuminating. But after reading his introduction we know that Chapter IX., "The Technique of Emotion," is the real kernel of the matter, and to that chapter we must turn. It is refreshing in its lucidity. Here we find no debatable border-lands of the soul, nothing groping or inarticulate; simply a precise tabular arrangement of Twenty-four Distinct Sentiments, which, says our Professor, I have placed in alphabetical order for convenience of reference, but Agony, Gloom, and Despair are closely related in feeling, and therefore in the means of their expression; nor is there much difference between Love and Romance, Grotesqueness and Humour, or Joy and Exhilaration.

A few quotations (on which it is unnecessary to comment) will serve to show the simplicity of the method; it is obvious that our master can turn out composers as easily as Mrs. Beeton can turn out cooks:—

Exhilaration—Triumph.

In the expression of these sentiments a strong burst on to a major 6/4 chord (generally from a German sixth) is the most telling device.

Mystery.

Any meaningless succession of the latest new discords may be employed. Melody, except of the most fragmentary, must be carefully eschewed.

Pathos.

The technique of Pathos demands close study. Its various degrees—Yearning, Melancholy, Gloom, Despair, Agony—must be clearly differentiated, otherwise we shall be unable to supply the right quantity as well as the quality for each situation. . . . Practically it will be found that the principal factor in expressing pathos or sorrow of any degree is the musical equivalent of the sigh or moan—the fall of an accented discord. Of course, this must be backed up by some or all of the natural concomitants of gloom—minor key, slow tempo, and generally soft tone with occasional explosions.

But a warning follows:

The ordinary composer is apt to put in any nice Eleventh or Thirteenth he happens to light upon, regardless of whether he needs a poignant spasm of misery or not.

Patriotism—Martial Ardour.

In England we are so oddly constituted that any tune associated with the Army will stir the heart of our peaceful proletariat and warm it with this cheap vanity.

Peace—Repose.

We should naturally require soft slow music (heavenly peace high up: earthly peace low down), with the minimum of movement in the accompaniment.

Sacred Music.

The most suitable idiom and the easiest to employ without affectation is an archaic style with a slight infusion of present-day sentiment.

This interesting work, we are assured, is not intended for the Amateur, the Critic, or the Theorist: it is "a wholly technical treatise, and an attempt to supply the needs of the earnest music student." Its author, one might add, is no anonymous practitioner; on the contrary, he is a well-known teacher of assured academic standing—a Professor of Composition, in fact, at the Royal Academy of Music. Of course, as we know, professors will have their little jokes; still . . .

R. O. M.

NEW exhibits in the Department of Woodwork at the Victoria and Albert Museum include a magnificent English side-table, with marbletop of the date 1730-40 (Room 58); chairs of the sixteenth century, and of the Queen Anne period (Room 53, 58); and the Powell collection of Dolls and Dolls' Furniture (Room 57) prepared between 1754 and 1853. The Museum has also acquired by subscription a Chinese porcelain bowl, of the greatest beauty and rarity—the first example of Chün ware of the Sung dynasty, indeed, to be seen outside private collections in this country.

CONCERTS

DECIDEDLY one of the best piano recitals of this season so far was that given by Mr. Frank Merrick at the Wigmore Hall on October 12, when the programme consisted of three items only—Max Reger's Introduction, Passacaglia, and Fugue for two pianos (the second piano part being played by Hope Squire), a group of Granados' "Goyescas," and John Ireland's new Sonata, which Mr. Lamond introduced to London soon after its completion some months ago. Mr. Merrick's playing throughout the evening was of a high order; his touch has a roundness and solidity in which the ear can always take pleasure; his fingerwork is scrupulously exact; his management of the pedal never at fault, whilst his general style, dominated though it is by intelligence and self-control, is never cold or dry. Of the music he played, we venture our conviction (at the risk of being dubbed patriotic) that Ireland's work will be heard long after the other two are dead and forgotten. The trouble with Granados is that, having once begun, he never knows when to stop; the "Goyescas" go mandering on and on long after their slender stock of ideas has become exhausted, while their little airs and graces of style, their languishing and their sentimentality, become excessively irritating after the first few moments. Reger is a hard case; industrious and talented, he had the German academic style of the late nineteenth century to perfection, and he might reasonably have hoped that it would do more for him than it has done. Many periods of art in many countries show instances of men, of moderate calibre in themselves, who have yet managed to achieve a certain measure of greatness by keeping great company; when there is a great style in the air, the achievement is often collective as well as individual; the smaller men are borne up on the wings of the tradition and lifted to heights they could never have scaled by themselves. But the nineteenth century (unless our judgment is altogether at fault) is not such a period; its ideals and methods are likely to receive continuous and searching criticism during the next hundred years or so, and very few of its lesser heroes stand any chance of survival.

Another interesting recital during the week was that given by Miss Dorothy Helmrich on October 13, when the programme included, amongst other things, Mr. Arthur Bliss' new Rhapsody for soprano, tenor, strings, flute, and cor anglais. This was its second performance, and this time the execution was adequate; little fault could be found except that the tenor rather overbalanced the soprano in the more strenuous passages. The work itself is attractive, but experimental; it hangs together well, it is skilfully written for the instruments, and it is remarkably free from outside influences. The rhythm could easily be made more flexible, and the composer might well reconsider the music from this point of view, for this rhythmic stiffness is at present a flaw—the only serious flaw—in the technique. But, when all is done, the question remains whether it is really feasible to treat voices simply as additions to the instrumental palette. It seems to us that voices were intended to sing with; they never sound comfortable when they are merely vocalizing. Miss Helmrich is in many ways an accomplished singer, but she would give much more pleasure if she could rid herself of that tiresome *vibrato*.

Messrs. Curwen, in arranging an exhibition recital of songs recently published by themselves, set a precedent that other reputable publishers might well follow. Hitherto such enterprise has been confined to the commercial ballad-mongers desiring to hawk their own merchandise. Messrs. Curwen showed that they have nothing whatever to be ashamed of; one might hesitate to prophesy a certain immortality for any of the songs that were heard, but with hardly an exception they showed decency of style, decency of workmanship, and some sense of poetic value. They were sung by Miss Ursula Greville (a charming singer in both the good and the bad implications of the word) and Mr. Giorgio Corrado, who made conscientious, but not altogether successful, attempts to master the difficulties of our pronunciation.

R. O. M.

M. CLAUDE MONET has offered as a gift to France twelve of his best pictures, chosen from the "Nymphæa" series. It is intended to build a special gallery for the collection.

Drama
HENRY V.

STRAND THEATRE.—"Henry V."

WHENCE did the rumour arise that Mr. Bridges-Adams's New Shakespeare Company were giving "Henry V." at the Strand without "cuts"? Or have they changed their policy since the opening performances? Certainly the day we saw it the play was not given in its entirety; besides lines that could well be spared, we missed lines, nay, whole passages, from which we can only be separated with a pang. And yet the scenery, which was all that Shakespearian scenery should be—simple, easily changeable, realistic and full of "atmosphere"—would have made it easy to give us a more complete text. As it is we must say with poor Mr. Puff, "The pruning-knife? Zounds, sir, the axe."

But a Shakespeare production must be judged by what is said in it, not by what is left unsaid. How, then, do the New Shakespeare Company speak Shakespeare? Frankly, not in the way we have a right to expect. It is as grievous a crime in a Shakespearian actor to misplace a word as it is for a violinist to misplace a note. Yet the stage of the Strand on the afternoon of our visit was strewn with the corpses of mangled lines long before Agincourt was won. "Owy cuppele gorge, permafoy." That ought to be remedied. Next, a Shakespeare producer ought not to be afraid of the verse. He ought to know the difference between rant and declamation, and not abolish the latter from dread of the former. It is no good striving after "intimacy" and "naturalness" in a heroic drama, which only the splendour of the language saves from being a mock-heroic drama. You must let the martial rhetoric swing free; you must do nothing to hinder its march or the crash of its impact. How entirely Mr. Bridges-Adams has failed to do this is shown by the fact that he finds it necessary to play the characters on and off with little bursts of music, and to accompany the battle scenes—yes, "Once more unto the breach" itself—with orchestral throbs. Think of it! An orchestra engaged to add music to Shakespeare!

This insensibility to the oratorical needs of the play begins with the choice of a woman for the Chorus. Let it be said at once that Miss Ethel Warwick in her Portia-like robes makes a very pretty—and prettily-spoken—best of a bad job. But really, she might have played the King with as much propriety. The Chorus of "Henry V." is nothing but the Spirit of War; his speeches require all the weight and virility that an actor of powerful physique can give them. Very few actresses are fitted to play Bellona, and a war-goddess is, anyhow, too shrewish a conception to bear embodiment. The absurd tradition of a female Chorus dates, as far as we know, from Charles Kean's production of the play at the Princess's. As an actor-manager with a wife he found it prudent to transform the Chorus into "Clio, the Muse of History," and give Mrs. Kean the part. Women may have played it before, but they can never have played it satisfactorily.

As for the King, we can sympathize with the obvious desire of the producer and the actor (Mr. Murray Carington) to make this fearful cockerel as human and unaffected as possible; but we cannot admit that it is legitimate. It is difficult, no doubt, to commend Henry to a modern audience at all. Most of us do not admire conquerors, and those of us who do have been taught by Napoleon and modern imperialists to prefer cynical to pious ones. It is difficult, also, to guess what Shakespeare was driving at in the character. We are inclined, ourselves, to think that he simply meant to write a superb patriotic pageant for commercial purposes. Or is the

Henry of this play a genuine later phase of the Prince Hal of "Henry IV."? If so, how can we forgive Falstaff's favourite pupil for sinking, mentally and morally, so low? We are forced in charity to consider Henry a prince of hypocrites. This problem, however, scarcely concerns the actor. All that we are shown of the personage—apart from the jovial Bismarckian brutalities of the wooing episode—is an immense solemnity, real or assumed; even in the disguise scene with the soldiers in the camp Henry adopts the rôle of a Chaplain to the Forces rather than that of a Captain of Pikes, as he pretends to do. Mr. Martin Harvey realized perfectly this need of maintaining an unbending solemnity; it is, indeed, the only way to make the long, flourishing speeches tell. Mr. Murray Carrington is too anxious to show us "the best kind of good fellows," with the result that the rhetoric is all broken up into the small change of conversation. For the rest he seems to model himself upon Sir Frank Benson, though without realizing that touch of haggard mysticism which Sir Frank throws into "We are in God's hand, brother, not in theirs," almost cheating us for the moment into seeing a Godfrey de Bouillon in this empty-souled adventurer.

It is the same failure to give us the rhetoric which is the substance of the play that spoils the comic scenes also in this production. For Pistol is only the King seen in a distorting mirror. He, too, subsists on his dignity and his voice of thunder; to make him, as Mr. Baliol Holloway does, a sort of sly pickpocket, is to let him also evaporate. And just as it was found necessary to add music to the heroic scenes to make them impressive, so it is found necessary to add humorous business to the comedy scenes in order to make them funny. We do not deny that the business is often "rich," for Mr. Bridges-Adams, after all, is not only an artist, but an artist who really enjoys Shakespeare; all his productions give evidence of that. Shakespeare, we think, would have loved a great deal of Mr. Bridges-Adams's "business," but he would have complained that his own jokes had a right to be delivered with their proper point and effect first. Mrs. Quickly, we were glad to see, was made up to look what she was, and not, as is usually the case, to resemble the guest-mistress of a nunnery; but she made nothing of the description of Falstaff's death because she did not show any of the morbid rapture of her class over all that pertains to a funeral. Bardolph and Nym suggested the illustrations to a Beckett's "Comic History of England," and nothing more significant. This was a great mistake. Falstaff never chose any but remarkable men to be his companions. You must approach Bardolph, Nym and Pistol with the reverence due to them from the fact that Falstaff chose them. They will not otherwise reveal their secret.

Falstaff again! He, after all, though he does not appear, is the real, dominating figure of the play. Not all the banners and the shouting and the speeches and the state-prayers avail to dupe us when we think of that smile and shrug. Sir John had weighed up all these things, and condemned them. He never wasted time on anything that was not real. He may not always have chosen wisely among the realities he perceived, but he was not to be taken in by any kind of humbug. Why is he usually acted as though he were a retired tavern-keeper? He was a gentleman and a courtier who had deliberately turned his back upon gentility and Courts. When he cries in "Henry IV.," after listening to the bustle of warlike preparation, "Rare words! brave world! Hostess, my breakfast, come!" it is because he knows very well that the breakfast offers sustenance, whereas the words and the world of politics offer none. Is it conceivable that after Agincourt Henry should not have remembered Falstaff's pretty little acted parable of military glory over Hotspur's corpse at Shrewsbury, and loathed himself

for his own fatuity? It is because of the implacable realism of Falstaff that we view with such suspicion Theobald's canonized interpolation into the death-scene of the line "A' babbled of green fields." As Sir John showed little appreciation of nature while he lived, he was not, we think, the man to sentimentalize over it while he lay dying. We believe that "a' cried out, God! God! God! three or four times" (besides the remarks about women) because it was his habit to look out for what was coming and to face it squarely. He could not have delivered Henry's false prayer at Agincourt to save his soul. Ah! If Shakespeare really wanted his pageant to go down he ought not to have brought even the corpse of Falstaff into it! But could he possibly have resisted the temptation? Did he not find it as difficult as Mr. Shaw to write a whole play without a touch of himself in it?

D. L. M.

THE ETERNAL

DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE.—"Priscilla and the Profligate."
By Laura Wildig.

IF anybody wants to know what Thespis really acted in that cart of his which was the world's first theatre we will tell him. He acted a play about a marriage of convenience that became a marriage of love, or else about an engagement of convenience that led to a marriage of love. And since then others have tried their hands at the theme. Of the possible gambits, the one which leads to the man and woman falling in love without knowing that each is already the other's destined partner, of course offers the most scope for amusement. But this move is difficult if the pair are already married. The author of "Priscilla and the Profligate" is not abashed by this difficulty. She trusts that if the husband goes away on the wedding day, and returns a few years later to find that his wife, whom he married when she had a pigtail, has put her hair up, he will not recognize her if she chooses to introduce herself to him as a single lady. As though Miss Iris Hoey's was the kind of personality that even the great Clarkson could efface by hair-dressing!

For our part we were not deceived, and we were sorry when the "flapper" vanished to become the ordinary lavishly-dressed virtuous flirt of comedy. Miss Hoey was such a jolly and individual schoolgirl! Beyond her performance there was nothing greatly exhilarating, except Mr. Herman de Lange's thumbnail sketch of a Jewish-American millionaire, a little bouncing figure in a yachting-cap, as conscientiously and truly studied as all Mr. de Lange's parts, however trifling they may be. Nothing else exhilarating? We forgot; there was the majesty and daintiness of Miss Madeline Seymour in a variety of handsome dresses. That is always exhilarating.

D. L. M.

DRAMA IN DUBLIN

OUR Dublin correspondent writes:—

The Abbey Theatre does not so often produce new plays in two successive weeks nowadays that the double event can be permitted to pass without remark. It produced the week before last "The Serf," by Stephen Morgan, and last week "The Island of Saints and How to Get out of It," by St. John Ervine. Mr. Morgan's much advertised play—whose real author is reputed to be a not unknown Abbey playwright—did not provoke the anticipated repetition of the "Playboy" riot. On the contrary, it was received with enthusiasm by a crowded house. Times change even in Ireland, and a propagandist play on the highly controversial theme of the clerical management of schools—and schoolmasters—now wins place as a popular dramatic success. Good propaganda generally makes a bad play; but "The Serf" is effective

as both. It owed much to its acting, particularly that of Mr. F. J. McCormick, whose study of the "bad priest" puts him definitely in the front rank of Abbey players.

Mr. Ervine's play is described as "a small piece for the times." It is much too small a piece for the times. It is not a play but a conversation, and one can hear better any evening in a dozen houses in Dublin. We are a little weary of being lectured by people who have "got out" of Ireland. To cry, "A plague on both your houses!" may be good politics from London; but it is not necessarily good drama. In this case it is bad drama. Mr. Ervine has surely not yet reached that pinnacle of fame which entitles one to inflict this sort of stuff on the public.

Correspondence

SHELLEY AND REFORM

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—In his appendix to Shelley's "Philosophical View of Reform," just published, Mr. Rolleston mentions the appearance, on a "page, otherwise blank," of a note by Shelley: "On the Punishment of Death." Mr. Rolleston's comment on this is an expression of his belief that "Shelley contemplated an essay on the subject."

Mr. Rolleston cannot have intended that we should infer from this that he is unaware of Shelley's long-ago published essay "On the Punishment of Death," which Mary Shelley first gave to the world in her edition (1840) of the "Essays, Letters from Abroad, &c." Its sub-title in vol. i. of that work (p. 212) is "A Fragment," and it is there undated. But Mr. Shawcross, reprinting the fragment for the Oxford University Press ("Shelley's Literary and Philosophical Criticism," p. 52), assigns it to 1815.

Now a comparison of this fragment with the ending of the incomplete "Philosophical View of Reform" leads me to suggest that Shelley may just possibly have intended that it should conclude the "Philosophical View," and have made the note remarked by Mr. Rolleston accordingly. The lately-published essay on reform breaks off on a paragraph whose thesis is, in the words of the present hour, "no reprisals." Whatever reforms may be inaugurated, no retribution, says Shelley, must be visited upon the purblind pillars of the old order.

Compare the opening of the essay "On the Punishment of Death":

The first law which it becomes a Reformer to propose and support, at the approach of a period of great political change, is the abolition of the punishment of death.

It is sufficiently clear that revenge, retaliation, atonement, expiation, are rules and motives, so far from deserving a place in any enlightened system of political life, that they are the chief sources of a prodigious class of miseries in the domestic circles of society.

Here is the last counsel to the political reformers for whom Shelley designed "A Philosophical View" as a kind of handbook. And although it is true that for the unfinished sentence concluding that essay there is no corresponding concluding fragment in the other essay, I do not think the fact material. If Mr. Shawcross is correct in assigning "On the Punishment of Death" to 1815, the mere reference by Shelley in the MS. of the "Philosophical View" to the title of that fragment is readily understandable. On the other hand, the memorandum may have meant an undeveloped topic which was taken up by Shelley in a separate MS. and intended by him to be appended to the "Philosophical View," in which event its date would be properly 1820.

Lastly, though not directly involved in the preceding discussion except in so far as it also relates to Shelley, I should like to say that the troublesome word in the MS. of Shelley's letter to Lackington & Co., December 23, 1817, which I published in THE ATHENÆUM on July 30, 1920, is undoubtedly "whole." The incomplete sentence is the last in the letter, and should read, "I will send the whole when there is enough to make it worth while to write a check."

Yours very truly,

WALTER E. PECK.

Exeter College, Oxford.

DICKENS AND CHANCERY LANE

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—Emphasis is often laid nowadays on the faults of Charles Dickens, and no doubt from an artistic and constructive point of view he was not successful as a novelist. The interesting article in your last issue, however, serves to remind us of the many places in London which are made memorable by his amazing genius. Chancery Lane is in any case an interesting thoroughfare by reason of its historical and present-day importance, but there are other streets which have no attraction apart from the glamour which remains from the memory of Dickens. I was recently in the Borough High Street, when my eye was arrested by the words, written on a side turning, "Lant Street." The place is dilapidated now, but as I strolled down it I fancied I felt something of that "repose about Lant Street which sheds a gentle melancholy on the soul." Whether the population is still "migratory" I do not know, but I found myself wondering which was the house where Bob Sawyer gave his supper party to Mr. Pickwick. I have on another occasion selected a certain house in Bevis Marks as the one in which that legal gentleman, Mr. Sampson Brass, resided with his formidable sister, helped by "that cream of clerkship," Mr. Dick Swiveller. Such was the creative power of Dickens that it is difficult to persuade oneself these are merely characters in fiction. In fact, there seems no reason for endeavouring to do so.

I am, Sir,

Yours faithfully,

W. A. ADAMS.

31, Fitzwarren Gardens, N.19.

THOMAS HARDY IN FRANCE

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—I venture to point out that Mr. Thomas Hardy is much better known in France than the writer of "Notes and Comments" in last week's ATHENÆUM supposes. "Far from the Madding Crowd" is by no means the only one of his books that has been translated. "Le Trompette Major," "Jude l'Obscur," and "Tess d'Urberville" are French versions of three others of his important works. Some of "Life's Little Ironies" have appeared *en feuilleton* in the *Journal des Débats*; and I have seen excellent critical studies of him in the leading French reviews, notably one by M. Thomas Aynord in *La Revue de Paris*.

Faithfully yours,

PERCY LINAKER.

Oxford, October 18, 1920.

MILTON'S "LYCIDAS"

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—The list by Mr. J. H. Hobbs agrees with my reckoning, except that I would add line 118, as I do not feel satisfied that "guest" was intended to rhyme with the adjacent "feast" and "least." Similarly, we must not assume that "winds" in line 91 rhymes with "wings" and "brings" just below, though "wear" and "ear" (lines 47 and 49) are legitimate rhymes. Consonantal identity is a strong argument in the case of "guest," but does not wholly remove my doubt. I congratulate your correspondent on the completeness of his list.—Yours faithfully,

THE WRITER OF THE PARAGRAPH.

"THREE LIVES"

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

DEAR SIR,—It must be seven or eight years, or more, ago since a critic—well known to you—gave me a copy of Miss Gertrude Stein's "Three Lives"; and now it is published in England and reviewed as a new book! Are we really as out of date as all this?

Yours truly,

AMELIA DEFRIES.

THE annual dinner of the Authors' Society will be held on Wednesday, November 10, at the Criterion Restaurant. Canon A. C. Deane, Chairman of the Committee of Management, will preside. Tickets, available only to members of the Society, may be had on application to the Secretary, at 1, Central Buildings, Westminster, S.W.1. Remittance of 15s. to cover cost of the ticket should accompany all applications.

Foreign Literature

BAUDELAIRE

LES FLEURS DU MAL. LE SPLEEN DE PARIS. JOURNAUX INTIMES.
Par Charles Baudelaire. Édition critique revue sur les textes
originaux et les manuscrits, avec notes et variantes par Ad. van
Bever. (Paris, Crès. 3 vols.)

IN general it is true—and for reasons gratifying to our literary self-esteem—that French poetry makes but little deep impression upon the English mind. English poetry has been singularly free from modification by the influence of French, not because of our insularity or our provincialism, but because of our greater poetic strength. The stream of our poetic tradition runs purer, stronger, and deeper than theirs; and if, at any point of time, we can detect an attitude of deference to French poetic achievement among ourselves, we may take it as evidence that the due sense of our own tradition and powers is weakening. It was so in our own Augustan age; it was so in the 'nineties; it may perhaps be so to-day.

If we look back along the line of our own true poets we shall find not only no trace of the deferential attitude, but very few signs of a recognition even of the existence of French poetry. The Victorians, it is true, paid a certain homage, not wholly undeserved, to Victor Hugo; but it was a homage rather of the educated classes than of the poets. Swinburne was a little exceptional and more than a little extravagant in this matter; but what is most striking in Swinburne's case is that his reaction to Baudelaire was deeper and more critical than his reaction to Hugo. The quality of constrained passion in his elegy on Baudelaire is convincing evidence of this. For it is not possible that the keen, peculiar edge of Swinburne's passionate regret for Baudelaire was due to the similarity of their destinies; they had both been violently attacked for their assumed immorality, and both were to become on this account the heroes of the poetic generation which followed them. Swinburne was, however, too sensitive a critic to be swayed by these outward resemblances; it was the greatness of Baudelaire's poetry which compelled him.

We are happy to think that one of the finest elegies in the English language should have been inspired by Baudelaire; it is fair cause for satisfaction that the most authentic and magnificent response of English poetry to French should have been a response to the greatest achievement of modern French poetry. "Ave atque Vale" is an indication of the truth that the greatness of Baudelaire is not relative, but absolute. He is not merely a great French poet, but a great poet. We thrill to him (though in different degree) in the same way as we do to Shakespeare or Milton or Dante; he is a minor master, but indeed a master of the word that troubles our depths. He handles the grand style as one born to the purple, not as one, like Hugo or Swinburne himself, with an almost parvenu intoxication with his own powers.

It is strange, therefore, that Baudelaire should have been so neglected in England. Swinburne alone seems to have recognized him for what he was and is. What recognition he has had since then has been of a kind that is worse than neglect. He has been made a symbol of perversity and decadence. Not only is this element in Baudelaire's poetry the least considerable; but even this part of him is of an infinitely more durable substance than his would-be imitators have been able to perceive. Baudelaire is not a poet of weak nerves, but of strong convictions; a man with an attitude to art and to life.

Though we may hold, as we do, that these inward qualities alone enabled him to attain to a mastery of language unsurpassed by any French poet, we may best approach him through the very texture of his poetry.

That is adamantine enough to impress even the careless reader. The sonority, the ampleness and subtlety of his rhythm are always disciplined; the effect is hard, one would say metallic were it not for the unfortunate nuance of the word. He himself well describes his poetry:

Mes vers polis, treillis d'un pur métal,
Savamment constellé de rimes de cristal.

It is the purity of the metal that strikes us most, a quality of reverberation that we can only describe as Miltonic. It has the defiance and clangour of legendary trumpets. Perhaps there is no line of French poetry that rings so long in an English ear as the unforgettable

O mort, vieux capitaine, il est temps; levons l'ancre.

In Baudelaire, as in no other French poet, we are made constantly aware of the triumphant possibilities of the Alexandrine in compelling hands. Between the challenge of "O mort" and the fatal, predestined beat of "La Beauté,"

Je hais le mouvement qui déplace les lignes,
Et jamais je ne pleure, et jamais je ne ris...

the varieties of resonance are infinite, even to the allegro: "Les tuyaux, les clochers, ces mâts de la cité..." And if, even in Baudelaire's hands, the Alexandrine has not the suppleness of the English iambic, the inevitability of its intonation is the very effect that Baudelaire most assiduously sought from it. Its limitations were an added excellence for his poetic purposes. One has but to contrast Keats's "Ode to Autumn" with Baudelaire's "Chant d'Automne" to feel how the iambic helped the English poet to the effect of mellowness and serenity he sought, and how the Alexandrine helped the French poet to a sense of rigorous and unescapable destiny:

Bientôt nous plongerons dans les froides ténèbres;
Adieu, vive clarté de nos étés trop courts!
J'entends déjà tomber avec des chocs funèbres
Le bois retentissant sur le pavé des cours.

Tout l'hiver va rentrer dans mon être: colère,
Haine, frissons, horreur, labeur dur et forcé,
Et, comme le soleil dans son enfer polaire,
Mon cœur ne sera plus qu'un bloc rouge et glacé.

J'écoute en frémissant chaque bûche qui tombe;
L'échafaud qu'on bâtit n'a pas d'écho plus sourd.
Mon esprit est pareil à la tour qui succombe
Sous les coups du bélier infatigable et lourd.

Il me semble, bercé par ce choc monotone,
Qu'on cloue en grande hâte un cercueil quelque part.
Pour qui?—C'était hier l'été; voici l'automne!
Ce bruit mystérieux sonne comme un départ...

To this splendid mastery of the Alexandrine, based on a fundamental sympathy between his temperament and its movement, Baudelaire added certain distinctive qualities of his own. His classical security as a poet was matched by his detestation of poetic commonplace. Commonplace in the fine sense—the equivocation hidden in the word is a danger to criticism—he intensely admired. "Grand style," he wrote in his Journal, "rien de plus beau que les lieux communs." That is the commonplace of an eternal truth profoundly apprehended by a new mind. But his horror of the "poetic" phrase was akin to Stendhal's. Poetry was to him a process of definition, a making concrete and particular of vague emotions and perceptions, an activity of concentration. His images are at all costs definite. He compares not the poet to the sun, but the sun to the poet:

Quand ainsi qu'un poète il descend dans les villes
Il ennoblit le sort des choses les plus viles.

The wings of the great albatross drag at its side "like oars"; he laments the oppression of

ces affreuses nuits
Qui compriment le cœur comme un papier qu'on froisse.

The instances are many, for this crystallization of the image, which sometimes has the peculiar force of sharpening

an emotion into a physical sensation, is one of Baudelaire's most characteristic idiosyncrasies. Here are a few chosen at hazard :

Le plaisir vaporeux fuira vers l'horizon
Ainsi qu'un sylphide au fond de la coulisse . . .

Ceux-là dont les désirs ont la forme des nues
Et qui rêvent, ainsi qu'un conscrit le canon,
De vastes voluptés, changeantes, inconnues . . .

Ta gorge triomphante est une belle armoire
Dont les panneaux bombés et clairs
Comme des boucliers accrochent les désirs . . .

Sous le fardeau de ta paresse
Ta tête d'enfant
Se balance avec la mollesse
D'un jeune éléphant . . .

And he pushes his insistence beyond the point of paradox in these lines, in which Beauty herself speaks :

Les poètes devant mes grandes attitudes
Que j'ai l'air d'emprunter aux plus fiers monuments.

Nevertheless, it is easy to see that the driving impulse in the use of these concrete images is not in the least paradoxical. Even in the case of the lady whose breast is like a cupboard, the suggestion of effect at all costs disappears when we remember that she is the same coal-black beauty whom he evokes as "La Malabaraise" in another poem, and as "Dorothée" in the prose-poems.

The effort—and it is generally superbly successful in its immediate effect—comes from his preoccupation with two intimately related purposes: to give a hard, impenetrable texture to his poetry and to give his emotions a completely precise expression. For, in Baudelaire's case, the quality of the texture was (and was felt by himself to be) the necessary consequence of his temperament. In his journal he tells repeatedly that there were two strains united in him, a horror of life and an ecstasy in life. Life repelled and fascinated him. It was to him like a hard, gleaming structure of bronze; he could neither absorb it, nor be absorbed by it. It was adamant and impenetrable. His vision of life was that of a man hypnotized by a metallic object. Therefore his desire for a more than sculptural precision was inevitable; his verse had to reflect the quality he discerned in life. This quality asserts itself throughout his work as a kind of plastic obsession. It can be traced in such a sentence of his prose as this, chosen for the different purpose of illustrating his mastery of prose rhythm :

Dans l'océan de ta chevelure, j'entrevois un port fourmillant de chants mélancoliques, d'hommes vigoureux de toutes nations et de toutes formes découpant leurs architectures fines et compliquées sur un ciel immense où se prélassait l'éternelle chaleur.

Or, more obviously, in his evocation of

un vrai pays de Cocagne, où tout est riche, propre et luisant, comme une belle conscience, comme une magnifique batterie de cuisine, comme une splendide orfèvrerie . . .

These things are not the outcome of a deliberate trick of style, or even of a desire to add to the almost Biblical sonority of his language a yet sharper and more metallic resonance. Baudelaire is not a minor poet; he is a great one. The elements of his style arise inevitably from his composition as a man. He is not a Parnassian with a theory of sculptural diction, or a connoisseur in petty epatements, but a man with an attitude to life as a whole—an attitude achieved at the price of real suffering, and maintained by no ordinary measure of self-control.

J. MIDDLETON MURRY.

(To be concluded.)

Rooms II. and XXIX. at the National Gallery were reopened to the public on Wednesday last. Room II. contains works of fifteenth-century Venice, Padua and Verona; while Room XXIX. contains sixteenth-century work from Venice, Brescia and Bergamo.

THE ONE AND THE MANY

CLERAMBULT: HISTOIRE D'UNE CONSCIENCE LIBRE PENDANT LA GUERRE. Par Romain Rolland. (Paris, Ollendorff. 8fr.)

"LE sujet de ce livre," says M. Rolland, "n'est pas la guerre, bien que la guerre le couvre de son ombre. Le sujet de ce livre est l'engloutissement de l'âme individuelle dans le gouffre de l'âme multitudinienne."

It was very much the fashion just before the war to make much of the multitude soul. M. Jules Romains and his friends analysed the subtleties and waxed enthusiastic over the exhilaration of the "unanimous life." There were some who took an almost mystical pleasure in letting themselves be swallowed up, a drop of water in a bowl of strong wine, by the soul of the crowd. During the war everyone became a practising unanimist. Individual intelligence everywhere abdicated to opinion, souls merged themselves in the soul of the multitude. Only here and there a few spirits asserted their right to freedom in spite of everything. Such a spirit was Clerambault, the gentle, generous poet whose history M. Rolland here recounts from the moment of his first passing intoxication by the fact of war to his murder by a fanatical patriot inflamed against the Défaitistes.

Clerambault is the antithesis of "ce pauvre Barrès" with his "besoin de murailles, de barrières, de frontières, d'ennemis." Clerambault's natural movement is one of expansion; Barrès's of contraction. Clerambault believes above all things in life and in living men. Barrès is above all interested in the dead. He is of opinion that no feast of youth should be without its illustrious skeletons, and all his sombre eloquence is meant to persuade us that we can do nothing unless we are haunted by old ghosts. There are many who feel at home in the splendid charnel-house of Barrès. Others find it easier to breathe in the fresh air of Clerambault's hopeful internationalism. It is a matter of temperament, of age, of upbringing.

"Flee from the press," in every sense of that last word, is the moral we draw from "Clerambault." Keep clear of the crowd of mediocrity and from the newspaper opinion which is its guide and its voice. Those who have the strength to be free must keep their freedom, whatever the pressure of the crowd. But very few possess either the desire or the ability to be free. The state of intellectual liberty is a bleak, cold, solitary state. Servitude is easy, comfortable and warm. It is not to be expected that more than a very few will ever be free. It is, therefore, important that the few who are free should not content themselves with merely keeping their heads in stampedes and hoping that the nobility of their attitude will end by bringing the stampede to a sense of shame. In these days of vast democracies, when a stampede is a horribly formidable thing, the mere fact of the existence of one or two free spirits is not enough. It has become necessary for the free to make sure that those in intellectual servitude are the slaves to something decent and commendable, not slaves to criminal stupidities. The almost infinite suggestibility of the human mind makes the multitude soul a soft and malleable thing. If sellers of patent medicines and propagandists of hatred have been successful in moulding the crowd soul to their desire, there is surely no reason why the free intelligences should not be able to devise some simple scheme for making the crowd feel passionately about the importance of the things that are of real value. It ought not to be impossible to rouse in the multitude soul an enthusiasm for, shall we say, scientific research equal in intensity to the enthusiasm felt for the war. It is all a question of finding some way by which the instincts and passions may be involved. The mere existence of a few of Clerambault's kind standing apart is not enough.

A. L. H.

The Week's Books

Asterisks are used to indicate those books which are considered to be most interesting to the general reader.

PHILOSOPHY.

- *Culpin (Millais). *Spiritualism and the New Psychology: an Explanation of Spiritualist Phenomena and Beliefs in Terms of Modern Knowledge.* Introd. by Professor L. Hill. 7½x5½. 159 pp. Arnold, 6/ n.

RELIGION.

- Church's (The) *Message for the Coming Time.* Book IV. Nature and Supernatural. 7½x4½. 98 pp. Milford, 2/ n.
Harris (Rendel) and Burch (Vacher). *Testimonies.* Part II. 9x5½. 150 pp. Cambridge Univ. Press, 12/ n.
*Howson (G. W. S.). *Sermons by a Lay Headmaster: preached at Gresham's School, 1900-18.* 7½x5. 147 pp. il. Longmans, 6/ n.
*Underhill (Evelyn). *Essentials of Mysticism; and other Essays.* 8x5½. 254 pp. Dent, 8/6 n.

SOCIOLOGY AND POLITICS.

- *Besant (Annie). *The War and its Lessons.* 7x4½. 87 pp. Theosophical Publishing House, paper 2/6, cl. 4/.
Bose (Dr. Sudhindra). *Fifteen Years in America.* 7½x5. 487 pp. Calcutta, Kar, Majumder & Co. (Simpkin & Marshall).
Herford (R. O.), Hildage (H. T.), and Jenkins (H. G.). *Outlines of Industrial Administration: based on a Course of Lectures given at Sheffield University.* 8½x5½. 132 pp. Pitman, 6/ n.
Milhaud (Edgard). *The March towards Socialism.* 7½x5. 270 pp. Parsons, 8/6 n.
*Mirrors of Downing Street. *Some Political Reflections, by a Gentleman with a Duster.* 7½x5. 227 pp. Mills & Boon, 5/ n.
Nicholson (J. Shield). *The Revival of Marxism.* 7½x5. 151 pp. Murray, 6/ n.
*Sée (Henri). *Les Idées Politiques en France au XVIIIe Siècle.* 8½x6. 263 pp. Paris, Hachette, 12fr.
*Vinogradoff (Sir Paul). *Outlines of Historical Jurisprudence: Vol. I. Introduction—Tribal Law.* 9x5½. 428 pp. Milford, 21/ n.

EDUCATION.

- *Blackburn (Mary). *Montessori Experiments in a Large Infants' School.* Introd. by Edmond Holmes. 7½x5. 143 pp. Constable, 6/6 n.
Owen (Grace), ed. *Nursery School Education.* 7½x5. 176 pp. il. Methuen, 5/6 n.
Reichel (Sir Harry R.). "The University" in Wales: Address delivered to the Cardiff Society of Cymmrodion, January, 1920. 7½x5. 24 pp. Newtown, Mon., Welsh Outlook Press, 6d. n.

NATURAL SCIENCE.

- Donald (C. H.). *Companions, Feathered, Furred, and Scaled.* 7½x5. 159 pp. il. Lane, 7/ n.
Hotblack (Frank A.). "A New Activity?" : a Treatise on Mrs. Dickinson's Discovery of a "New Radio-Activity" (with some Notes on Radium). 7½x5. 195 pp. Jarrolds, 10/6 n.

MEDICAL.

- *Baudouin (Charles). *Suggestion and Auto-suggestion: a Psychological and Pedagogical Study based upon the Investigations made by the New Nancy School.* Tr. by Eden and Cedar Paul. 8½x5½. 288 pp. Allen & Unwin, 15/ n.
*Parker (G.). *The Early History of Surgery in Great Britain: its Organization and Development.* 7½x5. 214 pp. Black, 7/6 n.

USEFUL ARTS.

- *Armstrong (Douglas B.). *British and Colonial Postage Stamps.* 7½x5. 253 pp. Methuen, 7/6 n.
Rohde (Eleanor Sinclair). *A Garden of Herbs.* 9x5½. 232 pp. il. Lee Warner, 12/6 n.
*Simon (André L.). *The Blood of the Grape (The Wine-Trade Text-Book).* 8½x5½. 302 pp. Duckworth, 10/6 n.

FINE ARTS.

- *Pountney (W. J.). *Old Bristol Potteries: being an Account of the Old Potters and Potteries of Bristol and Brislington.* 10½x6½. 404 pp. Bristol, Arrowsmith, 52/6 n.

GAMES AND SPORTS.

- *Newbolt (Henry). *The Book of Good Hunting.* 8x5½. 280 pp. il. Longmans, 10/6 n.

LITERATURE.

- Abrahams (Dr. Israel). *Poetry and Religion.* 6½x4½. 81 pp. Allen & Unwin, paper 1/., cl. 2/6.
*Bacon (Roger). *Secretum Secretorum, cum Glossis et Notulis, nunc primum editit Robert Steele (Opera, Fasc. V.).* Oxford, Clarendon Press, 28/ n.
*Baring (Maurice). *Dead Letters.* 7x4½. 209 pp. Secker, 6/ n.
Glyn (Elinor). *Points of View.* 7½x5. 197 pp. Duckworth, 6/ n.
Johnson (R. Brimley). *Some Contemporary Novelists: Women (The Contemporary Series, Vol. I.).* 7½x5. 247 pp. Parsons, 7/6 n.
*Laforge (Jules). *Chroniques Parisiennes: Ennuis non Rimés (Textes Inédits, I).* 7½x5½. 121 pp. Paris, La Connaissance.
*Lambley (Kathleen). *The Teaching and Cultivation of the French Language in England during Tudor and Stuart Times, with an Introductory Chapter on the Preceding Period.* 8½x5½. 451 pp. Manchester Univ. Press (Longmans), 14/ n.
Neill (A. S.). *A Dominie in Doubt.* 7½x5. 256 pp. Jenkins, 5/ n.
*Poncheville (André M. de). *Verhaeren en Hainaut.* 5½x3½. 220 pp. Paris, Mercure de France, 4fr.
Robertson (P. W.). *A Soul's Progress: Mezzotints in Prose.* 9x6. 170 pp. Arnold, 8/6 n.
*Verhaeren (Emile). *Toute la Flandre: II. Les Héros, Les Villes à Pignons.* 7½x4½. 264 pp. Paris, Mercure de France, 6fr.
*Wilde (Oscar). *Art and Decoration: being Extracts from Reviews and Miscellanies.* 7x4½. 206 pp. Methuen, 6/6 n.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

- *Aiken (Conrad). *The House of Dust: a Symphony.* 7½x5. 148 pp. Boston, Four Seas Co., \$2 n.
Bartlett (M.). *Miniatures in French Frames.* 7x4½. 48 pp. Elkin Mathews, paper 2/., cl. 3/ n.
Bodenheim (Maxwell). *Advice: a Book of Poems.* 6½x4½. 85 pp. New York, Knopf, \$1.25 n.
Burnet (W. Hodgson). *The M.P.'s Garden of Verses.* Il. by T. C. Black. 8½x7. 64 pp. Humphreys, 4/6 n.
Ellis (Hubert Dynes). *English Verse Translations of Selections from the Odes of Horace, the Epigrams of Martial, and other Writers; to which are appended a few original Pieces in English and Latin.* 8½x6½. 76 pp. The Author, 7, Roland Gardens, S.W.7, 5/ n.
Godfrey (W. S.). *Memories; and other Sonnets.* 7½x5½. 110 pp. Grant Richards, 2/6 n.
Looker (Samuel J.). *Dawn and Sunset Gold: Poems of Love and Nature.* 7½x5. 36 pp. The Author, 132, Upper Clapton Road, Clapton.
Morgan (Evan). *A Sequence of Seven Sonnets.* 7x4½. 15 pp. Elkin Mathews, 2/6 n.
Munro (E. Stuart). *Gems of the Poor; and other Poems.* 7x4½. 54 pp. Elkin Mathews, paper 2/., cl. 3/ n.
Murray (Eleanor Vinton). *The Inferno of Dante, with Text and Translation.* 8½x6½. 400 pp. Boston, Mass., Merrymount Press.
Palmer (Herbert Edward). *Two Foemen; and other Poems.* 7x4½. 63 pp. Elkin Mathews, 2/6 n.
Shakespeare. *Amleto. Tradotto in Italiano da Giuseppe Orlandi.* 6½x4½. 146 pp. Milan, Viale Monforte, 5.
Sharp (Thomas). *A Score in Metre.* 7½x5½. 36 pp. Fifield, 5/ n.

FICTION.

- Bojer (Johan). *La Grande Faim. Transduit du Norvégien par P. G. La Chesnais.* 7½x4½. 280 pp. Paris, Calmann-Lévy, 6fr.75.
Clemenceau (Georges). *The Surprises of Life.* 7½x5. 304 pp. Nash, 7/6 n.
Hine (Muriel). *The Breathless Moment.* 7½x5. 332 pp. Lane, 8/6 n.
Lynch (Bohun). *Forgotten Realms.* 7½x5½. 259 pp. [Collins, 9/ n.

- Magnussen (Julius).** *God's Smile.* 7½x5. 185 pp. Appleton, 7/6 n.
- Reid (Eric).** *Spears of Deliverance.* 7½x5. 288 pp. Stanley Paul, 8/6 n.
- ***Snaith (J. C.).** *The Adventurous Lady.* 7½x5½. 260 pp. Collins, 9/ n.
- Stevenson (Mrs. Sinclair).** *Hilary: the Story of a College Girl.* 7½x5. 320 pp. Milford, 5/ n.
- ***Stone (Christopher).** *The Valley of Indecision.* 7½x5½. 252 pp. Collins, 9/ n.

GEOGRAPHY, TOPOGRAPHY, ANTIQUITIES.

- Clementi (Mrs. Cecil).** *Through British Guiana to the Summit of Roraima.* 7½x5½. 236 pp. Fisher Unwin, 12/6 n.
- ***Skalfe (S. H.).** *Animal Life in South Africa.* 7½x5½. 281 pp. il. Oxford, Blackwell, 15/ n.

BIOGRAPHY.

- ***Filon (Augustin).** *Souvenirs sur l'Impératrice Eugénie.* Préface de Ernest Lavisse. 7½x4½. 368 pp. Paris, Calmann-Lévy, 6fr.75.
- ***Sanchez (Nellie van de Grift).** *The Life of Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson.* 7½x5½. 347 pp. il. Chatto & Windus, 12/ n.
- Urquhart (James), ed.** *William Honyman Gillespie of Torbanehill, Scottish Metaphysical Theist.* 8½x5½. 464 pp. pors. Edinburgh, T. & T. Clark, 5/ n.

HISTORY.

- Barker (W. H.) and Rees (William).** *The Making of Europe: a Geographic Treatment on the Historical Development of Europe.* 7½x5½. 306 pp. maps. Black, 6/ n.
- ***Durham (M. Edith).** *Twenty Years of Balkan Tangle.* 8½x5½. 295 pp. Allen & Unwin, 16/ n.

WAR.

- Betts (Ernest).** *The Bagging of Baghdad.* 7½x5. 250 pp. map. Lane, 7/6 n.
- Croydon and the Great War: the Official History of the War Work of the Borough and its Citizens from 1914 to 1919, with Roll of Honour. Edited by Ald. H. Keatley Moore, assisted by W. C. Berwick Sayers. 8½x5½. 437 pp. il. pors. Croydon, Central Public Library, 10/ n.**
- ***Richmond (Rear-Admiral H. W.).** *The Navy in the War of 1739-48 (Cambridge Naval and Military Series).* 9½x6½. 3 vols. 303, 279, and 284 pp. Cambridge Univ. Press, 126/ n.
- Thomson (Brig.-Gen. Christopher Birdwood).** *Old Europe's Suicide; or, the Building of a Pyramid of Errors: an Account of certain Events in Europe during the Period 1912-19.* 7½x5. 198 pp. map. Allen & Unwin, 5/ n.

PERIODICALS.

- Chapbook.** October. Poetry Bookshop, 1/6 n.
- Classical Association.** Proceedings. April. 8½x5½. 160 pp. Murray, 3/6 n.
- Danse.** October. Paris, 4, Rue Tronchet, 2fr.
- ***International Journal of Psycho-Analysis.** (Official Organ of the International Psycho-Analytical Association.) Edited provisionally by Dr. Ernest Jones. No. 1. 10½x6½. 124 pp. 45, New Cavendish Street, W.1, 30/ yearly.
- Old Lore Miscellany of Orkney, Shetland, Caithness and Sutherland.** Vol. VIII. Index. 9x5½. Viking Society. Univ. of London, 2/.
- Quarterly Review.** October. Murray, 7/6.
- Socialist Review.** October-December. I.L.P., 8/9, Johnson's Court, E.C.4, 1/ n.
- Sturm.** Parts 7 and 8. Berlin, Potsdamer Strasse 134a, 2m.
- Vineyard.** September. Allen & Unwin, 1/ n.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

- Anstey (F.).** *A Fallen Idol.* 7x4½. 334 pp. Murray, 2/ n.
- ***Bainville (Jacques).** *Louis II. de Bavière.* 7½x4½. 289 pp. Paris, Nouvelle Librairie Nationale, 7fr.
- Bramah (Ernest).** *The Secret of the League: the Story of a Social War.* 6½x4½. 287 pp. Nelson, 2/ n.
- ***Housman (Laurence).** *Gods and their Makers; and other Stories.* 7½x5. 221 pp. Allen & Unwin, 7/6 n.
- Lapage (C. Paget).** *Feeble-mindedness in Children of School Age.* 2nd ed. 7½x5. 324 pp., il. Manchester Univ. Press (Longmans), 10/6 n.

- Maxwell (J. Clerk).** *Matter and Motion; Reprinted with Notes and Appendices by Sir Joseph Larmor.* 7½x5. 178 pp. S.P.C.K., 5/ n.
- Melville (Herman).** *Moby-Dick; or, The Whale.* Introd. by Viola Meynell (World's Classics). Pocket ed. 6½x3½. 688 pp. Milford, 2/6 n.
- Robinson (W.).** *Home Landscapes, with Views taken in the Farms, Woods, and Pleasure Grounds of Gravetye Manor.* With Supplement. 2nd ed. 13½x10½. 102 pp. 44 pl. Murray, 63/ n.
- ***Wells (H. G.).** *Boon: The Mind of the Race, The Wild Asses of the Devil, and The Last Trump.* 2nd ed. 8x5½. 342 pp. il. Fisher Unwin, 8/ n.

JUVENILE.

- Acland (Alice S.).** *Hum Esquire: a Queer Story for Children.* 7½x5. 168 pp. Sidgwick & Jackson, 4/6 n.
- Altsheler (Joseph A.).** *The Lost Hunters: a Story of Wild Man and Great Beasts.* 8x5½. 318 pp. il. Harrap, 6/.
- Bentham (J. A.).** *Shoes: a Story for Children.* 7½x5½. 140 pp. il. by Hilda T. Miller. Duckworth, 5/ n.
- Chandler (Christine).** *Arthur and his Knights.* 9½x6½. 312 pp. il. by Mackenzie. Nisbet, 15/ n.
- Child's Companion.** 97th Annual Volume. 9x6½. 188 pp. R.T.S., 2/6 n.
- Empire Annual for Boys.** Vol. XII. il. 9x6. 320 pp. R.T.S., 5/ n.
- Empire Annual for Girls.** Vol. XII. il. 9x6. 320 pp. R.T.S., 5/ n.
- Girl's Own Annual.** Vol. XLI. 11½x8½. 752 pp. R.T.S., 13/6 n.
- Grattan-Smith (T. E.).** *Three Real Bricks: the Adventures of Mel, Ned and Jim.* 8x5½. 256 pp. il. Harrap, 6/ n.
- ***Grimm's Fairy Tales: Snowdrop, and other Tales.** Il. by Arthur Rackham. 10½x7½. 177 pp. Constable, 17/6 n.
- ***Grimm's Fairy Tales: Hansel and Gretel, and other Tales.** Il. by Arthur Rackham. 10½x7½. 170 pp. Constable, 17/6 n.
- Hayes (Nancy M.).** *Rhymes of Wee Woodlanders.* 7½x5½. 62 pp. Harrap, 2/6 n.
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- Marlowe (Mabel).** *Winifred Avon: a School Story for Girls.* 8x5½. 271 pp. col. il. Harrap, 6/ n.
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- Stuart (Esmé).** *The Taming of Tamzin.* 8x5½. 253 pp. col. il. Harrap, 6/ n.
- Thompson (Francis).** *Little Jesus.* Written and illuminated by E. B. Crapper. 8½x5. 8 pp. Burns & Oates, 1/3 n.

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